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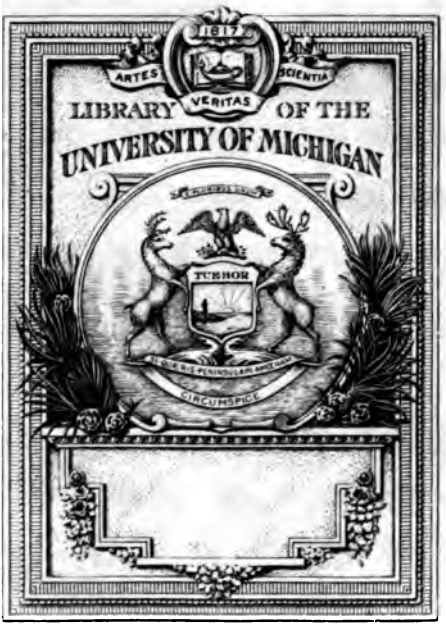
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Edmund Hay Junr

Oct^r 8^th: 1730

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

Publiſhed by *D. LEWIS.*

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus eſſe Poetas,
Excerpam numero. —— Hor.

LONDON:
Printed by J. WATTS. MDCCXXVI.

English Poetry
10-31-41
43910

To the Right Honourable

THE LORD

Charles Noell Somerſet.

My LORD,

THIS Collection of Poems, which with much Gratitude is paid as a Debt to All who have been pleas'd to encourage it, I beg Leave to preſent to Your Lordſhip from my particular Devotion, over and above that Juſtice

by which it is due to You in Common with others: and I am not without Excuſe for the Freedom of this Addreſs, if to have had a peculiar Eye to Your Approbation, through the whole Courſe of the Work, gives me a Title to Your Patronage.

I know not whether I have here the good Fortune to offer You many Things, whoſe Life and Sprightlineſs may ſeem to be calculated to pleaſe Your Youth; but ſuch a Regard will, I hope, appear to have been every where preſerv'd for all that is either Sacred, Moral or Decent, as cannot fail of being agreeable to Your Virtue; and the not offending againſt Religion and good Manners is, I am ſure, in Your Account, ſo neceſſary a Qualification to Poetry, that without it all others would be inſufficient.

You were yet at School, My LORD, when I receiv'd thoſe Impreſſions of You, which

which would make me fear, did I not my ſelf deteſt it, to approach You with any thing that is profane or licentious; and will always give me that Paſſion, for a Share in your Regard, with which we purſue the Favour of the Ingenious and the Good. It is not then hard to imagine with what Deference and Affection You are attended at the Univerſity; where Your Diſpoſition is the ſame, and Your Accompliſhments greater. May You continue to gain by Your own Merit the Obſervance and Diſtinction You have been hitherto unwilling to owe to Your noble Birth alone, and ſecure an univerſal Eſteem by the only Right that can make it ſolid and permanent.

I muſt earneſtly intreat You, however the Book may acquit it ſelf to Your Judgment, to indulge me with Your uſual Goodneſs the Employing this Opportunity to ſhew the Reſpect and Honour

which I bear to Your Lordſhip; and it will afford me very great Satisfaction if, as You have always given me Reaſon to be, You give me Permiſſion to profeſs my ſelf,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient and

moſt Humble Servant,

DAVID LEWIS.

THE PREFACE.

AS the Order in which the following Poems are plac'd, has for the moſt part, been purely accidental; ſo neither are the Pieces of the ſeveral Gentlemen who have contributed to the Work printed together, but ſcatter'd and interſpers'd throughout the whole. This I thought, ſince no Author's Name was intended to be mention'd, might be done without making any Confuſion; and probably occaſion a more agreeable Variety.

What I have of my own are likewiſe anonymous, and diſpoſed in the ſame manner with thoſe of my Friends; and if, by not avowing the Parts that belong to us, They and I may ſeem to have been too careful to avoid Cenſure, I hope we ſhall be forgiven, when it ſhall be re-

remember'd we at the ſame time lay no Claim to Praiſe. Here all things will be try'd, though I cannot ſay how far all will bear it, by their own Value; they have before them no celebrated Names to pre-engage the Reader's Approbation, nor exploded ones to beſpeak his Diſlike. I ſhall only ſay in general, that I have received my chiefeſt Aſſiſtance from a Sett of Gentlemen of both Univerſities now in London; *one of which Number, a Fellow of* Trinity-College *in* Cambridge, *is Author of moſt of the* Latin *Compoſitions. Were this a Place proper to be particular in my Acknowledgments, I ſhould enlarge on the Obligations I have to thoſe Gentlemen; but as the Buſineſs of a Preface is only to give an Account of the Work, I ſhall add no more than to wiſh, which I have no Reaſon to miſtruſt, that the World may be as well pleas'd with the good Senſe and Ingenuity of their Writing, as I am happy in their Converſation and Friendſhip.*

A few Things in this Collection are owing to other learned Gentlemen, for whoſe Favours I bear a juſt Gratitude; and I am proud to own, I have ſelected a few from among ſome Papers

of

of Poetry, in the Hands of one of the beſt-known and politeſt Authors of this Age. I have taken the utmoſt Care I could, to ſee that all had Juſtice done them in the Preſs; and if I have uſed ſome Liberties with the Pieces I receiv'd from ſuch of my Aſſiſtants as were too remote to be conferr'd with, (for to all others I ſtill communicated any Remark I had to offer) I hope it will be diſcern'd there was nothing done out of Humour or Vanity, and therefore cannot doubt but they will be ingenuous enough not to be offended.

I have admitted nothing which I knew to be before publiſh'd, except the Originals of two new Latin *Verſions, which I thought was abſolutely neceſſary to ſhew the Juſtneſs and Elegance of the Tranſlations; and a* Latin *Epigram, which is oppos'd to the Imitation of it, as it is newly done in* Engliſh. *One Poem indeed of my own was before printed, of which were diſtributed among my Acquaintance a few Copies only; and one of another Author, inſerted here from his own genuine Manuſcript, is I am inform'd already got abroad; but, as he aſſures me, ſurreptitious and diſguis'd.*

As

As for the Latin *Copies, it muſt be own'd it is not very uſual to have ſo great a Number of them in our Miſcellanies: but 'tis hoped the Learned will be pleas'd to find them no fewer; and that the* Engliſh *Readers will at leaſt excuſe them, ſince they may, perhaps, have given Occaſion to ſome of the beſt Things which ſhall here be met with in our own Language; for all of them, which are not themſelves Verſions of former* Engliſh, *are tranſlated, excepting the three little Pieces at the End: and I ſhould ask Pardon of the Fair-Sex, that thoſe are not; but they are of a particular Scholaſtic Kind, not altogether ſo proper for their Peruſal.*

I ſhall not go about to vindicate this Miſcellany in every Reſpect, for doubtleſs there are many Faults in it through my own Want of Judgment, and poſſibly ſome through the Miſtakes of others; but if it has the good Fortune to be approv'd of in the main, I ſhall think I have Reaſon to be extreamly well ſatisfy'd with my Succeſs.

THE

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Miſcellaneous Poems.

An ODE.

FAIN would I ſing the Pow'r ſupreme,
And make th' Omnipotent my Theme;
The firſt! the laſt! be He the Choice,
Be He my Song that gave me Voice!

Riſe, O my Soul, with Vigor riſe,
And wing thy nobleſt Faculties:
Thy God with all thy Reaſon trace,
And ſtretch thy Thought o'er Time and Space.

Begin the Song; and firſt diſcloſe,
How with Eternity He roſe!
Whence, What, and How He is, define;
And ſpeak the Entity Divine.

To view Him at his Source, my Soul,
Turn back, and thither turn thee whole:
The long unmeaſur'd Courſe eſſay,
And launch into the trackleſs Way.

Thro' Ages and thro' Ages glide;
O'er Myriads and o'er Myriads ſtride:
Thro' Time's ideal Progreſs run,
And graſp the Point where He begun.

Back ſtill, ſtill back: but oh! forbear;
Thou ſtrain'ſt in vain to reach Him there:
That Point for ever flies the Thought,
For ever equally remote.

Then

Then turn thee where his Arms embrace
The vaſt Immenſity of Space;
Thither expand thee all abroad,
And mark the Image of thy God.

Haſte, ardent and unwearied haſte,
And Worlds and Worlds behind thee caſt:
Wide through the Void æthereal ſtray;
Away, my Soul; and yet away.

But ſee how Skies ſucceed to Skies!
See Proſpect after Proſpect riſe!
Still, ſtill they riſe, and ſtill extend,
Fatigue the Ken, and never end!

Ah, fond eluded Soul! who ſhows
Whence underiv'd Duration flows?
What Mind conceives, what Tongue repeats,
Where infinite Expanſion fets?

Yet urge thy Aim; and try to ſcan,
How Man is God, and God is Man!
With Reaſon's Eye prepare to ſee,
How Three are One, and One is Three!

The mighty Myſteries invade,
Call Art and Nature to thy Aid;
Range all the Stores thou draw'ſt from Senſe,
And form the grand Solution thence.

But here again, bewilder'd, loſt
Are all th' Ideas thou canſt boaſt:
Th' unequal Task is too ſublime;
'Tis boundleſs Space! 'tis birthleſs Time!

How God exiſts, and what He is,
His own Omniſcience only ſees!
Deſiſt, my Soul, and dare no more;
'Tis thine to wonder and adore.

SONG

S O N G.

I.

WHAT Man, in his Wits, had not rather
Than for Lucre his Freedom to give? [be poor,
Ever buſy the Means of his Life to ſecure,
And ſo ever neglecting to live.

II.

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,
Not a Moment unbent, or alone:
Conſtrain'd to be abject, tho' never ſo proud,
And at every one's Call, but his own.

III.

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the Means of enjoying his Wiſh in his Pow'r,
But accurſt with his wanting the Will.

IV.

For a Year muſt be paſt, or a Day muſt be come,
Before he has Leiſure to reſt:
He muſt add to his Store this or that pretty Sum;
And then will have Time to be bleſt.

V.

But his Gains, more bewitching the more they in-
[creaſe,
Only ſwell the Deſire of his Eye:
Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he pleaſe;
Let not even mine Enemy die.

Epitaph on TOM D'URFEY.

HERE lyes the *Lyrick*, who with Tale and
[Song,
Did Life to threeſcore Years and ten pro-
[long:
His Tale was pleaſant, and his Song was ſweet;
His Heart was chearful — but his Thirſt was great.
Grieve, Reader, grieve, that he, too ſoon grown old,
His Song has ended, and his Tale has told.

The

The DECANTER.

From the Greek.

O Thou, that high thy Head doſt bear,
With round, ſmooth Neck, and ſingle Ear;
With well-turn'd, narrow Mouth, from whence
Flow Streams of nobleſt Eloquence:
'Tis Thou that fir'ſt the Bard Divine,
Sacred to *Phœbus* and the Nine;
That Mirth and ſoft ~~Delight~~ Joys canſt move,
Sacred to *Venus* and to Love.
Yet, ſpight of all thy Virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a Boon-Companion fair;
Thour't full of Wine when thirſty I,
And when I'm drunk, then Thou art dry.

B E D L A M.

—— *major parcas inſane minori.*

WHERE proud *Auguſta*, bleſt with long repoſe,
Her ancient Wall and ruin'd Bulwark ſhows,
Cloſe by a verdant Plain, with graceful Height
A ſtately Fabrick riſes to the ſight.
Yet, though its Parts all elegantly ſhine,
And ſweet Proportion crowns the whole Deſign,
Though Art, in ſtrong expreſſive Sculpture ſhown,
Conſummate Art informs the breathing Stone;
Far other Views than theſe within appear,
And Woe and Horror dwell for ever here;
For ever, from the echoing Roof rebounds
A dreadful Din of Miſcellaneous Sounds;

From

From this, from that, from every Quarter riſe
Loud Shouts, and ſullen Groans, and doleful Cries:
Heart-ſoftning Plaints demand the pitying Tear,
And Peals of hideous Laughter ſhock the Ear.
Thus when within ſome heav'nly Form we find,
The Paſſions rampant, and the Reaſon blind,
Griev'd, we behold ſuch Beauty giv'n in vain,
And Nature's faireſt Work ſurvey with Pain.

Within the Chambers which this Dome contains,
In all her frantick forms, Diſtraction reigns.
For, when the Senſe from various Objects brings
Through Organs craz'd the Images of Things,
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
In endleſs Swarms croud in upon the Brain:
The cheated Reaſon true and falſe confounds,
And wild Concluſions forms from idle Grounds:
Then, if the Blood impetuous ſwells the Veins,
And Choler in the Conſtitution reigns,

Out-

Outragious Fury ſtrait inflames the Soul,
Quick beats the Pulſe, and fierce the Eye-balls roll:
Rattling his Chains, the Wretch all raving lyes,
And roars, and foams, and Earth and Heav'n defies.
Not ſo, when gloomy the black Bile prevails,
And lumpiſh Phlegm the thicken'd Maſs congeals;
All lifeleſs then is the poor Patient found,
And fits for ever moping on the Ground;
His active Pow'rs their Uſes all forego,
Nor Senſes, Tongue nor Limbs their Functions know:
In Melancholy loſt, the vital Flame
Informs, and juſt informs, the lifeleſs Frame.
If brisk the circulating Tides advance,
And nimble Spirits through the Fibres dance;
Then all the Images delightful riſe,
The tickled Fancy ſparkles thro' the Eyes;
The Mortal, to fantaſtick Mirth conſign'd,
In ev'ry Geſture ſhews his freakiſh Mind:

Frolick

Frolick and free, he laughs at Fortune's Pow'r,
And plays ten thouſand Gambols in an Hour.
Now entring in, my Muſe, thy Theme purſue
Through all the Dome; and each Apartment [view.
Within this lonely Lodge, in ſolemn Port,
A ſhiv'ring Monarch keeps his awful Court,
And, far and wide as boundleſs Thought can ſtray,
Extends a vaſt imaginary Sway:
Utopian Princes bow before his Throne,
Lands unexiſting his Dominion own,
And aiery Realms, and Regions in the Moon.
The Pride of Dignity, the Pomp of State,
The dazling Glories of the envy'd Great
Riſe to his View, and in his Fancy ſwell;
And Guards and Courtiers croud his empty Cell.
See how he ſtalks majeſtick through the Throng!
(Behind he trails his tat er'd Robes along)

And

And cheaply bleſt, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear Deluſion of his Brain;
In this ſmall Spot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of Monarchs, firſt of human Kind.
Such Joy, ſuch Ecſtaſy as this, poſſeſt
On ſome triumphal Day great *Cæſar*'s Breaſt,
(Great *Cæſar*, ſcarce beneath the Gods ador'd,
The World's proud Victor, *Rome*'s acknowledg'd Lord)
With all his Glories in their utmoſt Height,
And all his Pow'r diſplay'd before his Sight.
Unnumber'd Trophies grace the pompous Train,
And captive Kings indignant drag their Chain.
With lawrel'd Enſigns glitt'ring from afar,
His Legions, glorious Partners of the War,
His conquering Legions march behind the golden [Car:
Whilſt Shouts on Shouts from gather'd Nations [riſe,
And endleſs Acclamations rend the Skies.

For

For this, to vex Mankind with dire Alarms,
Urging with rapid Speed his reſtleſs Arms,
From Clime to Clime the mighty Madman flew;
Ne'er taſted Quiet, nor Contentment knew:
But ſpread wild Ravage all the World abroad:
The Plague of Nations, and the Scourge of God.

Poor *Chloe* — whom Yon little Cell contains,
Of broken Vows and faithleſs Man complains.
Her heaving Boſom ſpeaks her inward Woe,
Her Tears in melancholy Silence flow.
Yet ſtill her fond Deſires tumultuous riſe,
Melt her ſad Soul, and languiſh in her Eyes,
And form her wild Ideas, as they rove,
To all the tender Images of Love:
And ſtill ſhe ſooths and feeds the flatt'ring Pain;
Falſe as he is, ſtill, ſtill ſhe loves her Swain,
To hopeleſs Paſſion yields her Heart a Prey,
And ſighs and ſings the live-long Hours away.

So mourns th' impriſon'd Lark his hapleſs Fate,
In Love's ſoft Seaſon raviſh'd from his Mate;
Fondly fatigues his unavailing Rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his Cage:
And moans and droops, with pining Grief oppreſt;
Whilſt ſweet Complainings warble from his Breaſt.

Lo Here a Wretch, to Avarice reſign'd,
'Midſt gather'd Scraps and Rags and Shreds confin'd:
His Riches theſe — for theſe he rakes, and ſpares;
Theſe rack his Boſom, theſe engroſs his Cares;
O'er theſe he broods, for ever void of Reſt,
And hugs the ſneaking Paſſion of his Breaſt.
See, from himſelf the ſordid Niggard ſteals,
Reſerves large Scantlings from his ſlender Meals,
Scarce to his Bowels half their Due affords,
And ſtarves his Carcaſe to encreaſe his Hoards;
'Till to huge Heaps the treaſur'd Offals ſwell,
And ſtink in every Corner of his Cell.

And

And thus with wond'rous Wiſdom he purveys
Againſt contingent Want and rainy Days,
And ſcorns the Fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their Morſel, and enjoy their Store.
Behold a Sage! immerſt in Thought profound,
For Knowledge he, for various Skill renown'd!
At no mean Ends his Speculations aim,
(Vile Pelf he ſcorns, nor covets empty Fame)
The public Good, the Welfare of Mankind
Employ the gen'rous Labour of his Mind:
For This his rich Imagination teems
With rare Inventions, and important Schemes.
All day his cloſe Attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight Slumbers to his Eyes:
Content if This his toilſome Studies crown;
And, for the World's Repoſe, neglects his own.
All Nature's ſecret Cauſes he explores,
The Laws of Motion, and Mechanic Pow'rs;

Hence

Hence ev'n the Elements his Art obey,
O'er Earth, o'er Fire, he ſpreads his wond'rous [Sway,
And thro' the liquid Sky, and o'er the watry Way.
Hence, ever pregnant with ſome vaſt Deſign,
He drains the Moor-land, or he ſinks the Mine;
Or levels lofty Mountains to the Plain,
Or ſtems the roaring Torrents of the Main;
Forc'd up by Fire, he bids the Water riſe,
And points its Courſe reverted to the Skies.
His ready Fancy ſtill ſupplies the Means,
Forges his Tools, and fixes his Machines,
Erects his Sluices, or his Mounds ſuſtains,
And whirls perpetual Windmills in his Brains.
All Problems has his lively Thought ſubdu'd,
Meaſur'd the Stars, and found the Longitude,
And ſquar'd the Circle, and the Tides explain'd.
The grand *Arcanum* once he had attain'd,

Had

Had quite attain'd, but that a Pipkin broke,
And all his golden Hopes expir'd in Smoke!
And once, his Soul enflam'd with Patriot Zeal,
A Scheme he finiſh'd for his Country's Weal:
This in a private Conference made known,
A Stateſman ſtole, and us'd it as his own;
And then (O Baſeneſs!) the Deceit to blind,
Our poor Projector in this Jayl confin'd.

The Muſe forbears to viſit every Cell,
Each Form, each Object of Diſtreſs to tell:
To ſhew the Fopling, curious in his Dreſs,
Gayly trick'd out in gawdy Raggedneſs;
The Poet, ever rapt in glorious Dreams
Of Pagan Gods, and *Heliconian* Streams;
The wild Enthuſiaſt, that deſpairing ſees
Predeſtin'd Wrath, and Heav'n's ſevere Decrees:
Through theſe, through more ſad Scenes ſhe grieves [to go,
And paint the whole Variety of Woe.

Mean-time, on Theſe O look with kind Concern!
And hence this juſt, this uſeful Leſſon learn.
If ſtrong Deſires thy reaſoning Pow'rs controul,
If arbitrary Paſſions ſway thy Soul;
If Pride, if Envy, if the Luſt of Gain,
If wild Ambition in thy Boſom reign,
Alas! thou boaſt'ſt thy ſober Senſe in vain:
In theſe poor *Bedlamites* thy ſelf ſurvey;
Thy ſelf, leſs innocently mad than they.

On the ſetting up Mr. BUTLER'*s Monument in* Weſtminſter *Abby.*

WHile *Butler*, needy Wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give:
See him, when ſtarv'd to Death and turn'd to Duſt,
Preſented with a Monumental Buſt!
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem ſhown;
He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

The

The COBLER, *A TALE.*

YOUR Sage and Moraliſt can ſhow
Many Misfortunes here below;
A Truth which no one ever miſs'd,
Tho' neither Sage nor Moraliſt:
Yet, all the Troubles notwithſtanding,
Which Fate or Fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themſelves will more create,
In ſpight of Fortune and of Fate.
Thus oft are dreaming Wretches ſeen,
Tortur'd with Vapours, and with Spleen;
Transform'd (at leaſt in their own Eyes)
To Glaſs, or China, or Gooſe-Pies.
Others will to themſelves appear
Stone-dead, as *Will* the Conqueror;
And all the World in vain might ſtrive
To face them down that they're alive.

Unlucky Males with Child will groan,
And ſorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to eaſe their Pain,
May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlain.*
Imaginary Evils flow,
Merely from want of real Woe;
And when prevailing Whimſies riſe,
As monſtrous wild Abſurdities
Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute,
Found without *Bedlam*, as within it.
Which if you further would have ſhown,
And Leiſure have to read — read on.
There liv'd a Gentleman, poſſeſt
Of all that Mortals reckon beſt:
A Seat well-choſe in wholeſome Air,
With Gardens and with Proſpects fair:
His Land from Debt and Jointure free;
His Money, never in *South-Sea*;

His

His Health of Body firm and good,
Tho' paſt the Hey-day in his Blood:
His Conſort fair, and good, and kind;
His Children riſing to his Mind:
His Friends ingenious and ſincere;
His Honour, nay his Conſcience clear:
He wanted nought of human Bliſs,
But Pow'r to taſte his Happineſs.

Too near, alas! this great Man's Hall
A merry Cobler had a Stall;
An arch old Wag as e'er you knew,
With Breeches red, and Jerkin blue:
Chearful at Working, as at Play,
He ſung and whiſtled Life away:
When riſing Morning glads the Sky,
Clear as the merry Lark, and high;
When Evening Shades the Landskip veil,
Late warbling as the Nightingale.

'Tho' Pence came ſlow, and Trade was ill,
Yet ſtill he ſung, and whiſtled ſtill;
Tho' patch'd his Garb, and coarſe his Fare,
He laugh'd, and caſt away old Care.

The rich Man view'd, with Diſcontent,
His tatter'd Neighbour's Merriment;
With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to ſee
A Beggar pleaſanter than He:
And, by degrees, to hate began
Th'intolerable happy Man;
Who haunted him, like any Sprite,
From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.

It chanc'd as once in Bed he lay,
When Dreams are true, at break of Day,
He heard the Cobler at his Sport,
Amidſt his Muſic ſtopping ſhort:
Whether his Morning Draught he took,
Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoke.

The

The Squire ſuſpected, being ſhrewd,
This Silence boded him no good,
And, 'cauſe he nothing ſaw nor heard,
A Machiavilian Plot he fear'd.
Strait Circumſtances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous Brain:
Trembling, in Pannic Dread he lies,
With gaping Mouth and ſtaring Eyes;
And ſtraining wiſtful both his Ears,
He ſoon perſuades himſelf he hears
One skip and caper up the Stairs,
Sees the Door open quick, and knew
His dreaded Foe in Red and Blue,
Who, with a running Jump, he thought,
Leapt plumb directly down his Throat,
Laden with Tackle of his Stall,
Laſt, Ends, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl;
No ſooner down, than with a Jerk
He fell to Muſick, and to work.

If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' outſide of his Door;
How ſorely muſt he now moleſt,
When got o' th' inſide of his Breaſt!
The waking Dreamer groans and ſwells,
And Pangs imaginary feels;
Catches and Scraps of Tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his Ears;
Ill-ſavour'd Smells his Noſe diſpleaſe,
Mundungus ſtrong, and rotten Cheeſe:
He feels him, when he draws his Breath,
Or tug the Leather with his Teeth,
Or beat the Sole, or elſe extend
His Arms to th'utmoſt of his End,
Enough to crack, when ſtretch'd ſo wide,
The Ribs of any mortal Side.
Is there no Method then, to fly
This vile inteſtine Enemy?

What

What can be done, in this Condition,
But ſending inſtant for Phyſician?
The Doctor, having heard the Caſe,
Burſt into Laughter in his Face:
Told him, he needs no more than riſe,
Open his Windows, and his Eyes;
Whiſtling and ſtitching there to ſee
The Cobler, as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences
Shall ne'er perſuade me from my Senſes.
How ſhould I riſe? the heavy Brute
Will hardly let me wag a Foot.
Tho' Seeing for Belief may go,
Yet Feeling is the Truth, you know:
I feel him in my Sides, I tell ye;
Had you a Cobler in your Belly,
You ſcarce would ſleer as now you do:
I doubt your Guts would grumble too.

Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you ſoundly, could I ſtir.
Thou Quack, that never hadſt Degree
In either Univerſity:
Thou meer Licenciate, without Knowledge,
The Shame and Scandal of the College.
I'll call my Servants, if you ſtay;
So, Doctor, ſcamper while you may.

One thus diſpatch'd, a ſecond came,
Of equal Skill, and greater Fame:
Who ſwore him mad as a *March* Hare.
(For Doctors, when provok'd, will ſwear.)
To drive ſuch Whimſies from his Pate,
He drag'd him to the Window ſtrait.
But jilting Fortune can deviſe
To baffle and outwit the wiſe:
The Cobler, ere expos'd to view,
Had juſt pull'd off his Jerkin blue;

No

Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,
To ſit in *Freſco* in his Shirt.
Ah! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,
You know him not ſo well as I;
The Man who down my Throat is run,
Has got a true-blue Jerkin on.
In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, ſtamp'd and ſwore;
Told him he might believe as well,
The Giant of *Pantagruel*
Did oft, as break his Faſt or ſup,
For poach'd Eggs ſwallow Windmills up;
Or that the *Holland* Dame could bear
A Child, for ev'ry Day i'th' Year.
The vapour'd Dotard, grave and ſly,
Miſtook for Truth each rapping Lye;
And drew Concluſions ſuch as theſe,
Reſiſtleſs, from the Premiſſes.

I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,
A Windmill's bigger than a Stall:
And ſince the Lady brought alive
Children, Three hundred ſixty five;
Why ſhould you think there is not room
For one poor Cobler in my Womb?
Thus every thing his Friends could ſay
The more confirm'd him in his way;
Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, tho' impoſſible.

Now worſe and worſe his piteous State
Was grown, and almoſt deſperate:
Yet ſtill the Utmoſt bent to try,
Without more Help he would not die.
An old Phyſician, ſly and ſhrewd,
With Management of Face endu'd,
Heard all his Tale; and ask'd, with Care,
How long the Cobler had been there?

Noted diſtinctly what was ſaid;
Lift up his Eyes, and ſhook his Head,
And grave accoſts him, on this Faſhion,
After mature Deliberation,
With ſerious and important Face:
Sir, yours is an uncommon Caſe:
Tho' I've read *Galen*'s *Latin* o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like Diſeaſe
In Stories of *Hippocrates*.
Then, after a convenient Stay,
Sir, if Preſcription you'll obey,
My Life for yours, I'll ſet you free
From this ſame two-legg'd Tympany.
'Tis true, you're gone beyond the Cure
Of fam'd Worm-Powder of *John Moor*;
Beſides, if downwards he be ſent,
I fear he'll ſplit your nether Vent:

But

But then your Throat, you know, is wide,
And ſcarcely clos'd, ſince it was try'd;
The ſame Way he got in, 'tis plain,
There's Room to fetch him out again:
I'll bring the forked Worm away,
Without a *Dyſenteria*:
Emeticks ſtrong will do the Feat,
If taken *Quantum ſufficit*:
I'll ſee my ſelf the proper Doſe,
And then *Hypnoticks* to compoſe.
The Wretch, tho' languiſhing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,
Cries, What ſo learn'd a Man as you
Preſcribes, Dear Doctor, I ſhall do.
The Vomit ſpeedily was got,
The Cobler ſent for to the Spot,
And taught to manage the Deceit,
And not his Doublet to forget.

But firſt the Operator wiſe
Over the Sight a Bandage ties:
For Vomits always ſtrain the Eyes.
Courage! I'll make you diſembogue,
Spight of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue;
I'll drench the Raſcal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there.
Warm Water down he makes him pour,
'Till his ſtretch'd Guts could hold no more;
Which doubly ſwoll'n, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler, and the Drink,
What they receiv'd againſt the Grain,
Soon paid with Intereſt back again.
Here come his Tools! he can't be long,
Without his Hammer and his Thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was ſpoke,
And gravely carry'd on the Joke;
As he heard nam'd each ſingle Matter,
He chuck'd it ſouſe into the Water;

And

And then, not to be ſeen as yet,
Behind the Door made his Retreat.
The ſick Man now takes Breath a-while,
Strength to recruit for farther Toil.
Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,
The Tackle floating there eſpies;
Fully convinc'd within his Mind,
The Cobler could not ſtay behind;
Who to the Alehouſe ſtill would go,
Whene'er he wanted Work to do:
Nor could he like his preſent Place,
He ne'er lov'd Water in his Days.
At length he takes a ſecond Bout,
Enough to turn him inſide out;
With Vehemence ſo ſore he ſtrains,
As would have ſplit another's Brains.
Ay! here the Cobler comes, I ſwear!
(And Truth it was, for he was there.)

And, like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,
Kick'd, with his Foot, the Vomit down.
The Patient, now grown wondrous light,
Whipp'd off the Napkin from his Sight;
Briskly lift up his Head, and knew
The Breeches and the Jerkin's Hue:
And ſmil'd to hear him grumbling ſay,
As down the Stairs he ran his way,
He'd ne'er ſet Foot within his Door,
And jump down open Throats no more:
No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a Fox, down the Red Lane.
Our Patient thus, his Inmate gone,
Cur'd of the Crotchets in his Crown,
Joyful his Gratitude expreſſes,
With thouſand Thanks, and hundred Pieces.
And thus, with much of Pains and Coſt,
Regain'd the Health, he never loſt.

MORAL.

Taught by long Miſeries, we find
Repoſe is ſeated in the Mind;
And moſt Men ſoon or late have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This real Wiſdom timely knows,
Without Experience of the Woes;
Nor needs inſtructive Smart, to ſee,
That all on Earth is Vanity.
Loſs, Diſappointment, Paſſion, Strife,
Whate'er torments, or troubles Life,
Tho' groundleſs, grievous in its Stay,
'Twill ſhake our Tenements of Clay,
When paſt, as nothing we eſteem;
And Pain like Pleaſure is but Dream.

HORACE, Ode XI. Book I.

To LEUCONOE.

'TIS ill; attempt not to foreſee
The Ends ordain'd for You and Me:
No; never to Magicians run,
To learn the Fate, You cannot ſhun:
Whether more Winters You may taſte,
Or this Year's Snow deſcends Your laſt;
Ask not the Gods' Decrees to know,
But uſe the Bleſſings they beſtow:
From lengthen'd Cares, from fruitleſs Strife,
O ſnatch this little Blaze of Life!
Our Age endures continual Death;
And waſtes with every waſting Breath:
Arreſt To-day, for Time's a Thief,
And lend the Morrow no Belief.

DESCRIPTION *of the* SPRING.

From ANACREON.

GLadſome Spring brings on the Year,
And all things with a Smile appear;
The Earth with ſweeteſt Flow'rs is ſpread,
In Green of lovelieſt Verdure clad.
Peace, whilſt roaring Tempeſts ſleep,
Smooths the Wrinkles of the Deep.
The Sun, which late ſhone out from high
Feebly thro' the frozen Sky,
Now rejoyces to diſplay
All the Majeſty of Day.
Men are raviſh'd with the Scene;
Cheerful Looks, and Mirth ſerene,
And Joy in every Face are ſeen.
The Trees, with fragrant Bloſſoms crown'd,
Breathe their Odours all around.

The

The Vine the Genial Heat receives;
Thro' the Branches, thro' the Leaves,
Gently glides the vital Sap,
And animates the glorious Grape.

S O N G.

I.

FOrgive, fair Creature, form'd to pleaſe,
Forgive a wond'ring Youth's Deſire:
Thoſe Charms, thoſe Virtues when he ſees,
How can he ſee, and not admire?

II.

While each the other ſtill improves,
The faireſt Face, the faireſt Mind;
Not, with the Proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves You not, is blind.

WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

A BALLAD.

I.

WHen all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
And all were faſt a-ſleep,
In glided *Marg'ret*'s grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William*'s Feet.

II.

Her Face was like the *April* Morn,
Clad in a Wintry Cloud;
And Clay-cold was her lilly Hand,
That held the ſable Shrowd.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

IV. Her

THYRSIS & CHLOE.

Carmen, Latinè redditum.

I.

OMnia Nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat umbrâ,
Et feſſos homines vinxerat alta quies;
Cum valvæ patuere & paſſu illapſa ſilenti,
Thyrſidis ad lectum ſtabat imago Chloes.

II.

Vultus erat, qualis lachrymoſi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quaque ſepulchralem a pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque Manus.

III.

Cumque dies aberunt molles, & læta juventus,
Gloria pallebit ſic, Cypariſſi, tua:
Cùm mors decutiet capiti diademata, Regum
Hâc erit in trabeâ conſpiciendus Honos.

IV.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
And opening to the View.

V.

But Love had, like the Canker-Worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

VI.

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

VIII.

This is the dark and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;

IV.

Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) naſcentis ad inſtar
Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
Et veneres riſere, & ſubrubuere labella,
Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima roſis.

V.

Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
Et faciles riſus, & juvenile decus:
Et roſa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
Oſcula; præripuit mors properata Chloen.

VI.

Excute Te ſomnis; nocturno egreſſa ſepulchro
Evocat infidum Thyrſida fida Chloe.
Tandem o! nunc tandem miſerere, audique puellam,
Cui tuus invidit vivere durus amor.

VII.

Hæ tenebræ querulos manes, hæc elicit Hora,
Ut tumulis reſerent humida clauſtra ſuis;

Spec-

Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs Swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

IX.

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

X.

How could you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

Spectraque diſcurrunt, perjuri terror Amantis;
Ut trepidum infeſtent exagitentque reum.

VIII.

Thyrſi, tuum crimen, ſolenne recollige fœdus,
Et revoca læſos in tua vota Deos.
Virgineamque fidem, jurataque verba remitte;
Et mea redde mihi vota, reſume tua.

IX.

In quâ defixus toties hærere ſolebas,
Quî faciem poteras deſtituiſſe meam?
Quî tenerum, & rerum ignarum mihi vincere pectus,
Victumque indignis diſcruciare modis?

X.

Promiſſo quianam, nimis ah! promiſſor, amore,
Polliciti poteras immemor eſſe Tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ah! laudator, ocellis
Extingui multo paſſus es imbre faces?

XI. *Dicere*

XI.

How could you ſay my Lip was ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

XII.

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
That Lip no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry Worm my Siſter is;
This Winding-ſheet I wear;
And cold and weary laſts our Night,
'Till that laſt Morn appear.

XIV.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and laſt Adieu!

Come

XI.

Dicere cur poteras, Labium tibi ſuave rubeſcit ;
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior ?
Dicere cur poteras ? & ego rudis, inſcia Virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum ?

XII.

Nulla mihi, heu ! floret facies, quæ floruit : ecce !
Quæ rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent.
Mors, obſignatos tenebris, mihi clauſit ocellos ;
Gratia deſertæ nec ſuper una genæ eſt.

XIII.

Germanus mihi Vermis edax, depaſcitur artus
Cognatos ; nec adhuc eſt ſatiata fames :
Et gelidæ & longæ reſtant mihi tædia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, ſuprema dies.

XIV.

Sed cantu, audiſtin' ? monuit me Gallus abire ;
Thyrſi, vale ; longùm, perfide Thyrſi, vale.

Come ſee, falſe Man, how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

XV.

Now Birds did ſing, and Morning ſmile,
And ſhew her gliſtering Head;
Pale *William* ſhook in ev'ry Limb,
Then raving left his Bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Marg'ret*'s Body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That wrapt her Breathleſs Clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret*'s Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And Word ſpake never more.

Viſe tamen, tumulo quàm ſit defoſſa ſepulchro,
Quæ miſerum urgebat funus amore Tuî.

XV.

Jam Volucres cecinere, & feſtinavit ab Ortu,
Purpureo riſu, Sol aperire diem;
Pallidus obſtupuit Thyrſis, tremuluſque cubili
(Ah tremor! ah pallor conſcius!) exiliit.

XVI.

Fatalem ad tumulum curſu contendit anhelus,
Quo jacuit gelidâ morte ſoluta Chloe;
Ceſpiteque in viridi, qui ſubtùs flebile texit
Corpus, ſe mœſtum projiciebat onus.

XVII.

Terque Chloen gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
Et bibulam lachrymis ter madefecit humum;
Nudaque telluri nudæ dans oſcula, nunquam
Aut vocem lachrymis addidit, aut gemitum.

On the Death of PENKETHMAN.

THE Crowded Theater's Delight,
Poor *Pinky!* has play'd out his Play;
His *Exit*, his laſt *Exit*, made!
Say, *Comick Mirth*, and *Langhter*, ſay,
Alas! poor *Pinky*.

Whene'er his Face, that matchleſs Face,
Poor *Pinky*'s Face, which now is Clay,
In merry Likeneſs ſhall be ſeen,
With pleaſing kind Remembrance ſay,
Alas! poor *Pinky*!

The heaving Sigh, and falling Tear,
If near poor *Pinky*'s Grave you ſtray,
Would Sorrow too expenſive be;
Grieve only with a Smile, and ſay,
Alas! poor *Pinky*!

HORACE

HORACE, ODE IX. BOOK III.

HORACE *and* LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILE I was fond, and you were kind;
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd
On your ſoft Boſom, ſought to reſt;
Phraates was not half ſo bleſt.

LYDIA.

While you ador'd no other Face;
Nor lov'd me in the ſecond Place;
My happy celebrated Fame
Outſhone ev'n *Ilia*'s envy'd Name.

HORACE.

Me *Cloe* now poſſeſſes whole;
Her Voice and Lyre poſſeſs my Soul:
Nor would I Death it ſelf decline,
Could hers be reſpited by mine.

LYDIA.

For me young lovely *Calais* burns,
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns;
Twice would I Life with eaſe reſign,
Could his be ranſom'd once with mine.

HORACE.

What if ſweet Love, whoſe Bands we broke,
Again ſhould take us to his Yoke:
Diſcarded *Cloe* ceaſe to reign,
And *Lydia* her loſt Pow'r regain?

LYDIA.

Than *Heſperus* tho' brighter He,
Thou wilder than the raging Sea,
Than Air more light; yet gladly I
With Thee would live, with Thee would die.

HORACE

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK IV.

To MELPOMENE.

I.

HE, on whoſe Birth the Lyric Queen
Of Numbers ſmil'd, ſhall never grace
The *Iſthmian* Gauntlet, nor be ſeen
Firſt in the fam'd *Olympic* Race.

II.

He ſhall not, after Toils of War
And humbling haughty Monarchs' Pride,
With laurel'd Brows, conſpicuous far,
To *Jove*'s *Tarpeian* Temple ride.

III.

But Him the Streams that warbling flow
Rich *Tibur*'s flow'ry Meads along,
And ſhady Groves (his Haunts) ſhall know,
The Maſter of *Æolian* Song.

IV.

The Sons of *Rome*, Majeſtic *Rome!*
Have fixt me in the Poet's Quire:
And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.

V.

Goddeſs of the ſweet ſounding Lute,
Which thy harmonious Touch obeys;
Who can'ſt the finny Race, tho' mute,
To dying Cygnets' Accents raiſe!

VI.

Thy Gift it is, that All, with Eaſe,
My new unrival'd Honours own;
That ſtill I live, and living pleaſe,
O Goddeſs, is thy Gift alone.

Tranſlation from the Antient Britiſh.

I.

AWAY; let nought to Love diſpleaſing,
My *Winifreda*, move your Care;
Let nought delay the Heav'nly Bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh Pride, nor gloomy Fear.

II.

What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors
With pompous Titles grace our Blood?
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial Honours,
And, to be Noble, we'll be Good.

III.

Our Name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will ſweetly ſound where-e'er 'tis ſpoke:
And all the Great ones, They ſhall wonder,
How they reſpect ſuch little Folk.

IV.

What tho', from Fortune's laviſh Bounty,
No mighty Treaſures we poſſeſs?
We'll find, within our Pittance, Plenty,
And be content without Exceſs.

V.

Still ſhall each kind returning Seaſon
Sufficient for our Wiſhes give:
For we will live a Life of Reaſon,
And that's the only Life to live.

VI.

Through Youth and Age, in Love excelling,
We'll Hand in Hand together tread;
Sweet-ſmiling Peace ſhall crown our Dwelling,
And Babes, ſweet-ſmiling Babes, our Bed.

VII.

How ſhould I love the pretty Creatures,
While round my Knees they fondly clung,

To

To ſee them look their Mother's Features,
To hear them liſp their Mother's Tongue!

VIII.

And, when with Envy Time tranſported
Shall think to rob us of our Joys;
You'll, in your Girls, again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

On two Twin Siſters who died at the ſame Time, and were buried in one Grave.

FAir Marble, tell to future Days,
That here two Virgin Siſters lie;
Whoſe Life employ'd each Tongue in Praiſe;
Whoſe Death gave Tears to every Eye.

In Stature, Beauty, Years, and Fame,
Together as they grew, They ſhone;
So much alike, ſo much the ſame,
That Death miſtook them Both for One.

Upon Mr. *HOBBES.*

Occaſion'd by a Copy of Verſes written by the Earl of MULGRAVE.

'TIS juſtly thought! to praiſe is ever hard,
When real Virtue fires the glowing Bard:
But harder far, whene'er the Poet's Mind
Lab'ring creates the Worth he cannot find.
'Twill task a *Cowley*'s Genius, to commend
Falſe *Brutus* cringing while he ſtabs his Friend:
To make the Trifler *Hobbes* unworthy ſhine,
Will ask the utmoſt of a Wit like thine!
The Reader's Malice makes the Satyr pleaſe:
Yet Praiſes void of Truth are Flatteries,
Which ſteal from genuine Worth the Honours due;
Romantic Heroes thus obſcure the true.
The Wiſe and Good Morality will guide,
And Superſtition all the World beſide.

As

As Wiſe and Great no longer then muſt ſhine,
Good *Socrates*, or *Plato* the Divine;
On ancient *Greece* is paſt a gen'ral Doom,
And *Tully* pleading for the Gods of *Rome*.
All Statues to their Fame are overthrown,
And *Hobbes*, or *Epicurus* ſtands alone!
Shall Chriſtian Virtues too the Slander ſhare,
And wait, as Captives, his triumphal Car?
As by ſuperior Excellence compell'd,
Shall *Anna* bow? Shall *Charles* the Martyr yield?
Hyde, wiſe in Calms and faithful in the Storm,
Great to Record, but greater to Perform?
Wide-conqu'ring *Ralegh*, and far-ſearching *Boyle*,
And *Newton*, Glory of our Age and Iſle!
Are theſe the vulgar ſuperſtitious Crowd,
That own the Maxims of th' Incarnate God;
Rather than Heav'n, let Earth be diſeſteem'd,
And *Hobbes* exploded, than our God blaſphem'd.

Hobbes!

Hobbes! in whoſe ev'ry Page diſplay'd we ſee
His *Privilege of Man*, Abſurdity!
'Tis hard to point where moſt his Merits ſhine,
In humane Learning, or in Laws divine!
All Matter thinks as ſuch: he gravely ſays,
The ſmalleſt Grain of Sand, and Spire of Graſs:
Only t' expreſs their Thoughts they wanted Pow'r,
'Till He aroſe, their ſweet-tongu'd Orator.
Rome's wildeſt Legends are excell'd at once,
With thinking Blocks and Philoſophic Stones.
Say! whence his far-fam'd Politics began,
Whence his admir'd and lov'd *Leviathan?*
Wearied with Exile, baſely he comply'd,
And, Coward, ſtarted from the ſuff'ring Side:
With abject Lies uſurping Force ador'd,
And meaſur'd Juſtice by the longeſt Sword.
Bleſt Moraliſt! who taught ev'n Good and Ill
To veer obſequious to the Tyrant's Will:

Prone

Prone to renounce his Senſe at *Cromwell*'s Nod,
And Traytor to his Prince, as to his God!
Hear, all ye Wits, his Goſpel! *Tales receiv'd,*
In private feign'd, and publickly believ'd,
Theſe are Religion. He alike eſteems
The Prophet's Viſions and the *Rabbie*'s Dreams;
Nor matters who the riſing Sect begun,
Or *Mary*'s Offspring, or *Abdalla*'s Son!
No ſmalleſt diff'rence can his Wiſdom find,
For Colours all are equal to the Blind.
Yet Tales, when once eſtabliſh'd by the State,
He holds for ſacred, and as fix'd as Fate:
Nor ſhall th' Almighty Lord his Pleaſure ſhow,
Without Dependance on the Gods below.
The Civil Creed no Subject muſt deny,
Or disbelieve it, tho' 'tis own'd a Lie.
Hither from fartheſt Eaſt, ye *Bramins*, come,
Hither, ye Weſtern Locuſts—Monks of *Rome*:

Be-

Behold this frontleſs, all-impoſing Man,
And match him with your Prieſt-craft, if Ye can!
Prodigious Sage! who taught Mankind to know
The dang'rous Cheats of *Robin Goodfellow!*
Of Fairies tripping light a Moonſhine Round,
Where riſing Verdure marks the circled Ground!
Charm'd down by him, each airy Spirit flies;
And groſſer Witches vaniſh from our Eyes.
Crones, untransform'd, their own bad Figures keep,
And Broomſtaffs peaceful in their Corners ſleep.
Yet vulgar Tales this mighty Champion ſcare,
This Foe to Shades, this Conqu'ror of the Air;
Ghoſts immaterial he as Dreams decries,
Yet dreads their Pow'r, whoſe Being he denies.
The Noon-day Boaſter, ſtrait a Coward grown,
Shudders and trembles in the Dark alone:
Spectres and Phantoms glare before his Sight,
Which, when the Candle enters, ceaſe to fright.

'Twas

Twas thus He liv'd, our Nation's boaſted Pride!
And, (oh that Truth could hide it!) thus he dy'd.
Dreams, Whimſies, Fancies, Nothings then he fear'd;
And *leap'd into the Dark*, and diſappear'd.

Not thus his matchleſs Wiſdom *Bacon* ſhow'd,
He found in all things, and he own'd a God.
As farther learn'd, ſtill readier to adore;
And ſtill the more He knew, believ'd the more.
Glories to Virtue due ſecure to find,
Unbounded and immortal as his Mind.
Could *Hobbes*, alas! an equal Proſpect ſee
In the ſad Gloom of dark Futurity?
Who dreamt that Man once Duſt ſhall never riſe,
That when the Carcaſe falls the Spirit dies.
If quite extinct, inſenſible of Fame,
Yet barr'd the poor Reverſion of a Name.
While yet alive, by Vanity betray'd,
He ſaw his fleeting, groundleſs Honours fade:

Nor

Nor ſacred Verſe their Luſtre can prolong;
No not a *Cowley*'s, nor a *Mulgrave*'s Song.

A Piſcatory Ballad.

I.

HARD by the Hall, our Maſter's Houſe,
Where *M'urſy* flows to meet the Main;
Where Woods, and Winds, and Waves diſpoſe,
A Lover to complain:

II.

With Arms a-croſs, along the *Strand*,
Poor *Lycon* walk'd, and hung his head;
Viewing the Footſteps in the Sand,
Which a bright Nymph had made.

III.

The Tide, ſays he, will ſoon erace
The Marks ſo lightly here impreſt;

But

But Time or Tide will ne'er deface
Her Image in my Breaſt.

IV.

Am I ſome Savage Beaſt of Prey?
Am I ſome horrid Monſter grown?
That thus ſhe flies ſo ſwift away,
Or meets me with a Frown.

V.

That Boſom ſoft, that Lilly Skin
(Truſt not the faireſt outward Show,)
Contains a marble Heart within,
A Rock hid under Snow.

VI.

Ah me! the Flints and Pebbles wound
Her tender Feet, from whence there fell
Thoſe crimſon Drops, which ſtain the Ground,
And beautify each Shell.

Ah!

VII.

Ah! Fair one, moderate thy Flight,
I will no more in vain purſue;
But take my Leave for a long Night;
Adieu, lov'd Maid, adieu.

VIII.

With that, he took a running Leap,
He took a Lover's Leap indeed,
And plung'd into the ſounding Deep,
Where hungry Fiſhes feed.

IX.

The Melancholy Hern ſtalks by,
Around the ſquawling Sea-Gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking Ravens fly,
And toll his Fun'ral Bell.

X.

The Waters roll above his Head,
The Billows toſs it o'er and o'er;

His Ivory Bones lye ſcattered,
And whiten all the Shore.

A Lover to his Miſtreſs, on the ſight of a Captive.
Tranſlated from the *Spaniſh.*

SEE, Faireſt, yon poor Captive ſee,
Condemn'd to Chains and Miſery:
Thro' Grates of Iron hear him mourn
His cruel haughty Victor's Scorn;
Hear him, in helpleſs hopeleſs Tale,
The Loſs of Liberty bewail.
See the big Drops, that down his Face
From their full Fountains fall apace;
Tear after Tear, ſee how they flow,
With all the Eloquence of Woe!
Mark the Viſage pale and thin,
Semblance of the Pangs within;

Mark the gall'd and hollow Eye,
Never clos'd, and never dry;
Mark the Heavings of his Breaſt,
Stranger to a Moment's Reſt.
If Thy yielding Heart can melt,
Throbbings if it ever felt;
If an Object of Diſtreſs
Soften Thee to Tenderneſs;
Dear Unkind, Yon Captive ſee,
Pity Him, and Think of me.

To Sir *RICHARD STEELE.*

On his Comedy, The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACcept the Muſe, which Love and Wonder
To hail thy Labours, and attend thy Praiſe;
Her lowlier Voice, amidſt th' applauding Throng,
O deign to hear, and patronize her Song:

What

What Thou approv'ſt, That She aſpires to be;
And only lives to Virtue, and to Thee.

Too long have Pride, Impiety, and Rage,
And all the Pomp of Vice uſurp'd the Stage;
Our Modern Muſe made modern Ways her Choice,
And lent to Scenes impure her Heav'nly Voice;
Alike degenerate both, the Stage and Times
Tranſpos'd and authoriz'd each other's Crimes,
Each ſtill reflected each, with mutual Skill,
And vy'd in all th' Alternatives of Ill.

'Tis Thine, O *Steele*, to touch the Muſe with [Shame,
To point her Courſe, and call forth antient Fame.
To teach the Stage whence nobleſt Praiſe ſhould [riſe,
And bring Angelic Virtue to our Eyes:
On Vice triumphant Thou diſdain'ſt to fawn,
And art the *Chriſtian Heroe* thou haſt drawn.

To mend Mankind has been thy conſtant Aim,
Fond to Inform, but fonder to Reclaim.

Hence lately thy *Spectators* charm'd the Age,
Hence now thy *Conſcious Lovers* grace the Stage.
Such Lovers as ſolicit Virtue's Cauſe,
And fill our Theatre with juſt Applauſe;
In Them each Sex their true Perfections view,
Each have the loveliеſt Pattern to purſue.
The *Britiſh* Fair, thy finiſh'd Model ſhown,
By *Indiana*'s Conduct ſet their own;
Our Youths their darling Fopp'ries all reſign,
And own th' Accompliſh'd Man at laſt is Thine.
On thy Deſigns what Revolutions wait!
Thou great Reſtorer of the Moral State.
All Manners, ſee! to Thy Decrees ſubmit,
Nor Rage is Honour, nor Grimace is Wit;
The Hate of Morals, and the Scorn of Arts,
Diſtinguiſh now no more the Man of Parts.
Eſteem forſakes the Arrogant and Vain,
And recognizes Merit once again;

The

The World no longer Right and Wrong confounds,
And Vice and Virtue know their antient Bounds.
So ſome moſt exquiſite Machine (deſign'd
Perhaps in *Archimede*'s or *Tycho*'s Mind)
If by Abuſe, and our Defect of Art,
It move irregular in every part,
Explor'd by *Newton*'s Philoſophic Eyes,
Through all its Movements into Order flys;
Again inſtructs the Mind, and charms the Sight,
While correſponding Nature ſpeaks it right.
Purſue thy darling Theme, with pious Care,
And gratulate, O Muſe, the happy Fair.
No longer They precarious Loves commence,
The Men that pleaſe are now the Men of Senſe;
None will the Good and Innocent explode,
Since Probity and Conſcience paſs to Mode;
Only the Worthy dare to Beauty ſue,
And loveliеſt Hearts are deſtin'd for the true.

Again are heard the learn'd, and view'd the plain;
And Fops and Beaux are trifling now in vain.
See! Truth and Honour ſway the female Breaſt;
And Toaſts themſelves vouchſafing to be bleſt.
Proceed, O *Steele*! theſe Bleſſings to impart,
And be thy Hand as bounteous as thy Heart.
Long may'ſt Thou live, at laſt to leave behind
More Copies ſtill of thy extenſive Mind:
More of thy ſelf, much more O yet beſtow,
Ere Thou art what thy *Addiſon* is now.
When his great Soul attain'd the Seats Divine,
Her other ſelf remain'd, and ſhone in thine;
But when thy meritorious Toils ſhall end,
And Thou ſhalt paſs to Glory and thy Friend,
Mankind Thy total Abſence muſt bemoan,
And trace their *Guardian* in thy Works alone.

On BEN JOHNSON's *Club-Room, call'd the* Apollo; *at the Devil-Tavern in* Fleet-ſtreet.

ONce on a Time, as plac'd ſupream in State,
Amidſt his Sons old merry *Ben* was ſate;
At ſome rare Strain the jovial Bard eſſay'd,
And call'd the Muſe and *Phœbus* to his Aid;
In vain; nor *Phœbus* nor the Muſe obey'd.
Nonpluſt at this, and in a ſtrange Quandary,
He fill'd a luſty Bumper of Canary.
Soon as this Nectar glided o'er his Tongue,
He rous'd, and tun'd his Lyre, and ſweetly ſung.
Then to the Room which the rich Juice ſupply'd,
Henceforth be thou *Apollo* call'd, he cry'd;
Apollo let thy Name for ever be,
That lab'ring Bards, in Time to come, may ſee,
If they their Father *Ben*'s Advice will take,
The beſt Inſpirer is delicious Sack.

Againſt LIFE. *From the* Greek.

WHat Path of Life by Man is trod,
Without repenting of the Road?
Buſineſs is Tumult, Noiſe and Jar,
At Home is Wearineſs and Care:
The Ocean Storm and Terror yields,
And painful Toil and Sweat, the Fields:
Abroad you're deſtitute, if Poor;
If Rich, endanger'd by your Store.
By Griefs the Nuptial State is torn;
The Single, friendleſs and forlorn.
With Children, Sorrows will increaſe;
Childleſs, we moan our Barrenneſs.
Folly our giddy Youth enſnares;
And Weakneſs ſinks our hoary Hairs.
The Wiſe this only Choice would try,
Or not to live, or ſoon to die.

For LIFE. *From the* Greek.

WHat Path of Life by Man is trod
Without rejoycing at the Road?
From Buſineſs Wealth and Wiſdom flows,
At Home is Quiet and Repoſe.
The Ocean, gainful Traffick yields,
And Nature chears us in the Fields.
Abroad You're leſs expos'd, if Poor;
If Rich, reſpected for Your Store.
More Bliſs the Nuptial State receives,
The Single, more in Freedom lives.
The Parent's Heart with Tranſport ſwells;
And leſs of Care the Childleſs feels.
Our Youth, firm Health and Vigour ſhares,
And Rev'rence crowns our hoary Hairs.
The Wiſe this Choice would never try,
Or not to live, or ſoon to die.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THE Charms that blooming Beauty ſhows,
From Faces heav'nly fair,
We to the Lilly and the Roſe,
With Semblance apt, compare.

II.

With Semblance apt; for ah! how ſoon,
How ſoon they all decay!
The Lilly droops, the Roſe is gone,
And Beauty fades away.

III.

But when bright Virtue ſhines confeſt,
With ſweet Diſcretion join'd;
When Mildneſs calms the peaceful Breaſt,
And Wiſdom guides the Mind;

IV. When

IV.

When Charms like theſe, dear Maid, conſpire
Thy Perſon to approve;
They kindle generous, chaſte Deſire,
And everlaſting Love.

V.

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate,
Theſe Graces ſhall endure,
Still, like the Paſſion they create,
Eternal, conſtant, pure.

A Latin Prologue ſpoke before one of Terence's *Plays at* Weſtminſter; *on Occaſion of a late Boxing-Match, between an* Engliſhman *and an* Italian.

Vidimus Italici nugas pompamque Theatri,
Hauſimus & molles aure lubente ſonos.
Fortia corda virûm cantu muliercula traxit,
Semivirum teneræ deperiêre nurus.

Cantor

Cantor & auditor, ſimili languore ſoluti,
Leniter ad tremulos contremuêre modos.
Hæ tibi erant artes; hinc tu ſpolia, Itale, lærga
Fers Tramontanas, prædo canorus, opes.
Hactenus aſtutè — ſed cum noſtra arma laceſſis,
Et cæſtus tractas, & græve Martis opus;
Non tulit hoc Britonum vulgus, genus acre virorum
Æſtuat at ſtomachans pectore cuique furor:
Cerdo, Auriga, Faber, Lanio, Armentarius, omnes
Exardent validas conſeruiſſe manus;
Omnes exardent: reliquis ſors prætulit unum,
Prodit uterque pugil, congrediturque ferox;
Brachia jactatâ fruſtrà movet Italus arte,
Stat ſolidus contra vique animiſque Brito.
Attonitumque hoſtem premit irrequietus, & urget
Genua, pedes, cubiti, dextra, ſiniſtra, caput.
Inſtans præcipitem Victor volvitque revolvitque;
Et mugit, feſtâ voce remugit Iö.

'e tali quondam felix virtute ſuorum
Extulit ad ſummos Martia Roma Deos:
Nunc ſtudiis mutata, animiſque imbellis & armis,
Mollitiis ſeſe luxuriæque dedit.
Nec minus antiqui facundia quæritur ævi,
Et quæ Romano vena lepore fluit:
Expulit has nova Roma foras. En! ſub Lare quali
Ingenuos ſpargit Claſſica Muſa ſales!
Degeneres nil facta Patrum, nil ſcripta morantur
Italici; ſunt Vox, prætereaque nihil.

The Same Engliſh'd.

WE've entertain'd th' *Italian* Strollers here,
We've lent their Muſic no unwilling Ear;
Cuzzoni warbling mov'd our Youths' Deſire,
And *Seneſini* ſet our Nymphs on Fire.
We've recogniz'd their vocal Empire long,
And dy'd obſequious to the dying Song.

Their

Their *Tramontani* Bubbles hence they ſpoil;
Hence the melodious Sharpers fleece our Iſle;
Their Triumph This—But when our Arms they
And clench the Fiſt, and tempt the Boxing War; [dare,
Indignant Rage our warm Plebeians fires,
(To ſing's *Italian*, but to fight is Theirs!)
Stalls, Shambles, Shops they quit, and pour away,
Enquire the Challenger, and ask the Fray:
All ardent ask: but 'tis reſerv'd for one.
The Champions enter'd, and the Fight begun.
And what can now thy Skill, fond Stranger, do
Thy boaſted Skill, againſt a *Britiſh* Foe?
He moves intrepid, and reſiſtleſs throws
From Feet, Hands, Head, at once, whole Storms
And ruſhes on Thee, like an Hoſt of Foes: [of Blows,
'Till fell'd, and rais'd, and baffled o'er and o'er,
Thou proſtrate ly'ſt, and own'ſt the Victor's Pow'r
While twenty thouſand *Iös* round proclaim,
And echoing Domes reſound the *Briton*'s Fame.

O

Oft with ſuch Shouts ſhook *Rome*'s Imperial [Tow'rs,
When her heroic Sons had Hearts like ours.

But, nor the Arms nor Arts of antient Times,
Are cheriſh'd now in Her degen'rate Climes:
Her fripp'ry Scenes the Claſſic Muſe have fear'd,
And ſee, beneath what Roofs is *Terence* heard!

How chang'd is *Rome* from that which *Rome* has [been!
What once was *Heroe*, now is *Harlequin*;
Old Wit is baniſh'd with the good old Tongue,
And Air and Echo reign where *Maro* ſung.

To a Gentleman, upon receiving One Guinea, to be oblig'd to pay him Ten on Marriage.

I.

TO have me ever in your Pow'r,
To bribe my very Heart;
Againſt my ſelf to gain me o'er,
Is your peculiar Art.

II.

I tremble at the Part I chuſe,
And hope the Part I ſhun;
Happy, if I am doom'd to loſe,
But if I win, undone.

III.

May Fortune, ever Foe to me,
Her Favour ſtill with-hold:
And now, as ſhe is wont, decree
That I may loſe my Gold.

IV.

So ſhall I, quite againſt her Will,
The wanted Bleſſing find;
And, while ſhe meditates my Ill,
Deceive her to be kind.

V.

And oh! may Love, to urge the Cheat,
Aſſert his mighty Sway;

And aid me to incurr a Debt;
I ſo much long to pay.

VI.

With Thirſt of Gold let others led;
In ſordid Wedlock joyn:
While I, the Girl I love to wed;
Would gladly part with mine.

To a Friend, in Imitation of one of Martial's *Epigrams.*

TO walk a Mile a Friend to ſee,
Thou ask'ſt if I diſdain;
I walk it oft, but ſee not Thee,
And walk it back again.

To go a Mile to ſee thee, know,
My Friend, I grudge not ought:
But then I grudge to travel two,
And That to ſee thee not.

On a Young Lady's playing on the Spinet.

WHILE fair *Zelinda*'s various ſtrains
To teach her joyful Audience to ad- [conſpire
While from her ſtrings ſhe darts the ſofteſt ſound, [mire;
And ſweetens all the floating Atoms round:
Our heaving Pulſes feel her vocal Hand,
And all our Spirits flow at her Command;
From Senſe to Senſe the winning Charmer ſtrays,
Controuls our Breaſts, and on our Heart-ſtrings
Directs our Thoughts, bids all our Wills give way, [plays;
And rules the very Paſſions we obey.
By Turns we fear, we hope, we fall, we riſe,
The Vaſſals of her Hand, as of her Eyes;
Now ſunk, now rais'd, now cheriſh'd, now diſtreſt,
Or ſweetly wretched, or more ſweetly bleſt.

On the 6th and 8th Verſes of the 40th Chapter of Iſaiah, *occaſioned by the Death of a Young Lady.*

All fleſh is Graſs, and all the Goodlineſs thereof is as the Flower of the Field.

The Graſs withereth, the Flower fadeth; but the Word of our God ſhall ſtand for ever.

I.

THE Morning Flow'rs diſplay their ſweets,
And, gay, their ſilken Leaves unfold;
As careleſs of the Noon-day Heats,
And fearleſs of the Evening Cold.

II.

Nip'd by the Wind's unkindly Blaſt,
Parch'd by the Sun's directer Ray,
The Momentary Glories waſte,
The ſhort-liv'd Beauties die away.

III.

So blooms the Human Face Divine,
When Youth its Pride of Beauty ſhows:

Fairer than Spring the Colours ſhine,
And ſweeter than the Virgin Roſe.

IV.

Or worn by ſlowly-rolling Years,
Or broke by Sickneſs in a Day;
The fading Glory diſappears,
The ſhort-liv'd Beauties die away.

V.

Yet theſe, new riſing from the Tomb,
With Luſtre brighter far ſhall ſhine,
Revive with ever-during Bloom,
Safe from Diſeaſes and Decline.

VI.

Let Sickneſs blaſt, and Death devour,
If Heav'n muſt recompence our Pains:
Periſh the Graſs, and fade the Flow'r,
If firm the Word of God remains.

Part of the 37*th* PSALM *Paraphras'd.*

VIEW not, with Envy fretting in thy Breaſt,
The Impious Man, of Wealth and Pow'r [poſſeſt:
Let no raſh Thoughts perplex thy even Mind,
When proud Oppreſſors lord it o'er Mankind.
Wait but the Evening of their fleeting Day,
And all this boaſted Pomp ſhall paſs away.
So to the ſweeping Scythe at once muſt yield
All the gay Verdure of the ſmiling Field;
So the ſhort Moments of the ſelf-ſame Hour
Behold the blooming and the faded Flow'r.
Only do thou Religion's Rules purſue,
And keep thy Duty ever in thy View;
Let all thy Life in this juſt Tenor move,
And all Occaſions to do Good improve.
Then with full Truſt on God ſecurely reſt,
Aſſur'd that whatſoe'er befalls, is beſt.

For all thy Needs his Goodneſs ſhall provide,
His Pow'r ſhall guard thee, and his Wiſdom guide.
If poiſonous Tongues thy upright Deeds defame,
And foul-mouth'd Slander faſtens on thy Name,
Yet ſtill be calm, and He ſhall ſoon expoſe
The vain, the baffled Malice of thy Foes,
Shall clear thy Cauſe, thy Virtue ſhall diſplay
Bright as the Sun, and open as the Day.

When Storms of State aloft impetuous roar,
And mighty Villains fall, and are no more;
Still ſafe and happy is the Good Man ſeen,
His Aſpect chearful, and his Mind ſerene.
Though no huge Heaps of ill-got Riches riſe,
To ſooth his Pride, and feed his rav'nous Eyes;
Yet Thrift and Induſtry increaſe his Store,
And ſweet Content forbids him to be poor.
Heav'n's gracious Bounty, freely as it flows,
Freely again his liberal Hand beſtows:

And

And timely Aid and Kindneſs to impart
Imploys his Labour, and delights his Heart.
Well pleas'd the Fruit of theſe good Works he ſees,
With God, with Man, and with himſelf at Peace.
The choiceſt Gifts of Providence he ſhares,
And leaves a thouſand Bleſſings to his Heirs.

Though now my Life has paſs'd through ev'ry [Stage,
And long Experience crowns my hoary Age;
I never ſaw forſaken at his need
The Good Man yet; no, nor the Good Man's [Seed
I never ſaw conſtrain'd to beg their Bread.

Upon an Old Reſolve.

A Good Reſolve! ay, marry, is it;
If you've a Grain of Faith implicit:
Nor look the Wiſdom of the Nation
Should ſtoop to Ratiocination,
Or Drudgery of Demonſtration.

No Danger's nigh; if why you wiſt not,
Know, Fool, there is not, 'cauſe there is not;
As He that *Bellarmine* diſputed,
Cry'd, Sir, You lye; and ſo confuted.
What if it pleaſe a Legiſlature
To queſtion Principles of Nature;
And ſay, whatever your Suppoſe is,
You've neither Brains, Ears, Eyes or Noſes?
Shall ſaucy You, on vain Pretences,
Preſume to argue for your Senſes?
Or think, becauſe you ken a little,
You're therefore not as blind as Beetle?
I ſay, renounce your fond Perſuaſion,
Or you're a Foe to Crown and Nation:
And ought, for ſuch your bold Suggeſtion,
To be ſeverely call'd in Queſtion.
Now give me Leave to lay before ye
A good authentick antient Story.

The

The Fox, a Beaſt renown'd in Fable,
For Wit not common to the Rabble,
When all by Royal Edict went,
That wanted Tails, to Baniſhment,
Forſook hereditary Shelter,
And jogg'd among them helter skelter.
The Ape, as Fools are apt to teize one,
Attack'd Sir *Ren* to know his Reaſon.
Sure were my Bum like yours appointed,
I'd ne'er have fled my Liege Anointed.
Thus He. Quoth *Ren*; A batter'd Courtier!
Your Tail is ſhort, your Reaſon ſhorter.
What if it pleaſe the King and Peerage
By Vote to rob me of my Steerage,
And call me Bare-arſe? tell me then
Who, *John*, ſhall ſet me right agen?
This ſhews the Weakneſs of diſputing,
Where Contradicting is Confuting.

To KITTY, *a Poetical young Lady.*

I.

DEar *Kitty!* now my Counſel take,
Now is the dang'rous Seaſon;
If not; admit the Rhyme to make
Atonement for the Reaſon.

II.

Take heed, leſt Affluence beguile,
Leſt Pride ſhould over-pow'r ye;
Now kinder Fortune ſeems to ſmile,
With Proſpect of a Dow'ry.

III.

If e'er in other Sphere you move,
And higher Life appear in;
Take heed the Station does not prove
The worſe for *Kitty*'s wearing.

IV.

If from Simplicity you range,
If Shew and Form controul Ye;
Your Charms to Uglineſs you'll change,
Your Prudence into Folly.

V.

For Affectation looks ſo foul,
When Man or Maid it ſeizes;
That neither then the nobleſt Soul,
Nor faireſt Body, pleaſes.

VI.

Whoe'er to play the Coxcomb's Part
By niggard Nature's driv'n,
May Pardon find; but Fools by Art
Can never be forgiv'n.

VII.

Remember you, for others will,
That Woman is a Creature,

Of Flatt'ry vain, expos'd to Ill,
And doubly frail by Nature.

VIII.

Should ſhe for Art and Learning glow,
Applauſe and Glory wooing,
On lofty Verſe her Time beſtow;
(As you may now be doing:)

IX.

Yet ſtill, to rule her Houſe aright
Would better far become her,
Than to ſurpaſs the nobleſt Flight
In *Milton* or in *Homer*.

X.

What tho' her Youth may Hearts engage?
Her Bloom will quickly leave her;
The certain Spoil of coming Age,
If 'ſcaping from a Fever.

XI. What

XI.

What tho' her Wit ſhould never fail?
How few will long endure her?
The Ship that Ballaſt wants, by Sail
Is overſet the ſurer.

XII.

Who jeſts alike on Friends and Foes,
With Rall'ry all retorting;
Her Folly ſhe in Earneſt ſhows,
And only Wit in ſporting.

XIII.

'Tis hard to govern witty Spleen,
Suit Perſons, Place, Occaſion;
'Tis more one Satyr to keep in,
Than 'tis to make a Thouſand.

XIV.

Suppoſe a Damſel, unconfin'd
By Decency or Duty,

Exult-

Exulting in her haughty Mind,
With Riches, Wit, and Beauty:

XV.

Her Treaſure, more than Miſer's Eye
By *South-Sea* aim'd at getting,
Enough all forfeit Land to buy,
Nay all the Land of *Britain*:

XVI.

A *Cleveland* for her Beauty nam'd,
Than *Dorcheſter* more witty;
For Learning more than *Elſtob* fam'd;
For Poetry, than *Kitty*:

XVII.

If ſhe does nought but ſwell and brag,
Her Talents have undone her;
The Wiſe will fly her like the Plague,
The Tokens are upon her.

XVIII. Wh

XVIII.

What's Beauty, Wealth, and Wit beſide?
Nor God, nor Man will love her;
For tho' ſhe were an Angel, Pride
Will make a Devil of her.

On a Weather-Cock erected in a cloſe Place.

NO more let Men of Simile
Deſcribe Inconſtancy by me;
Nor each prevaricating Block-
head, ſtreight be call'd a Weather-Cock.
For, know, I am erected here,
To quit that ſhuffling Character.
And Snug's the Word, I keep my Poſture,
Blow as ye will, *Lybs Notus Auſter.*

From MARTIAL.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

PLeaſanteſt Companion This,
This in Life is Happineſs:
Early an Eſtate to gain,
Left, not purchas'd by your Pain:
Grounds that pay the Tiller's Hire,
Hearths with ever-during Fire;
Safe from Law t' enjoy your own,
Seldom view the buſy Town;
Health, with mod'rate Vigour join'd;
True well-grounded Peace of Mind;
Friends your Equals in Degree,
Prudent plain Simplicity;
Eaſy Converſe Mirth afford,
Artleſs Plenty fill the Board:
Temp'rate Joy your Evenings bleſs,
Free from Care as from Exceſs:

Sh

Short the Night by Sleep be made;
Chaſte, not cheerleſs, be the Bed:
Chuſe to be but what you are;
Dying neither wiſh, nor fear.

Verſes wrote at Brigadier S——'*s, over a Bowl of Punch, where* Jupiter *and* Hebe *were painted in the Cieling.*

LET *Jove* no more his *Hebe* boaſt,
Or quaff celeſtial Wine;
We here have many a brighter Toaſt,
And Nectar more Divine.

What Place more fram'd for Mirth and Love
Could Art or Nature ſhow?
The merry Thund'rer rules above,
The Brigadier below.

The PYRAMID.

In *Latin* and *Engliſh.*

PYramidum ſumptus, ad cœlum & ſydera dicti,
Quid dignum tantâ mole, quid intus habent?
Ah! nihil intus habent, niſi nigrum informe cada-
[ver,
Durata in ſaxum eſt cui medicata caro.
Ergone porrigitur Monumentum in jugera tota?
Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumque Labor?
Integra ſit morum tibi Vita; Hæc Pyramis eſto:
Et poterunt Tumulo ſex ſatis eſſe pedes.

THE lofty Pyramid that threats the Skies!
For what auguſt Poſſeſſor does it riſe?
You've there a little formleſs Mummy ſhown;
A Human Carcaſe harden'd into Stone.
Aſcends for this the huge ſtupendous Tomb?
For this includes whole Acres in its Womb?

For

For this were drain'd the Tributes of the *Nile?*
Was ſo much Treaſure ſpent, and Time, and Toil?
Be pure my Heart, and upright be my Deed,
Give me of Honeſt Fame a Pyramid;
This grant me, Heav'n! and for my Monument
My Length of humble Earth; and I'm content.

On the Death of ALEXANDER *the Great.*

IS then that Heroe number'd with the Dead!
That mighty Chief whom all the World obey'd!
Great *Ammon*'s Son! th' Invincible! O why,
Why did He ever condeſcend to die?

The PUPPET-SHEW.

From the Latin *of Mr.* ADDISON.

OF wondrous Art my Muſe delighted ſings,
And rare Diverſion rais'd from trivial things;
Of Pygmy-folk by Pow'r Mechanic wrought,
And Men, the Product of the Workman's Thought.
Where the throng'd Street reſounds with Laugh-
[ter loud,
And *Andrew* drolling charms the gaping Crowd,
Within (whom Mirth and Novelty invite
To humble Sport, and innocent Delight)
In a ſmall Theatre an Audience meets,
And fills, but unpromiſcuous fills, the Seats;
For each from each diſtinct the Benches ſtand,
And different Prices different Seats demand.
The Curtain drawn diſcloſes to the View
The lengthen'd Stage and op'ning Avenue:
Whoſe narrow Limit and contracted Space
Gay glittering Scenes magnificently grace.

And

And now with Comic Mirth, or Tragic Rage
The little Actors enter on the Stage.
The *Drama* ſwells, and to the wond'ring Eyes
Triumphs and Wars and ſolemn Conſults riſe.
All Actions, that on Life's great Stage appear,
In Miniature are repreſented here.

Above the reſt, the Hero of the Throng,
A pratling merry Mortal ſtalks along,
Of Comic Mien, and Shape uncouth to ſee:
His Back projects a huge Gibboſity;
His portly Belly of enormous Size,
Brac'd in a Range of monſtrous Buttons lies,
And with inceſſant Motion rowl his Eyes.
His Limbs a Bulk and Strength ſuperior boaſt;
And uncontroul'd he ſtruts, and rules the roaſt,
Chatters, and laughs immoderately loud,
And ſcolds and ſwaggers at the Pygmy Crowd.

For mimic Mirth, and ready Repartee,
For arch Conceits, and Pranks of Pleaſantry,
Was never an unluckier Stick than He.
When ſolemn Scenes th'attentive Eye engage,
And Tragedy in Buskins treads the Stage,
Then, ever loving Miſchief at his Heart,
Beſure this boiſterous Ruffian plays his Part;
With Flouts and Jeſts, impertinently gay,
Diſturbs the Action, and confounds the Play
Nor his outrageous Inſolence forbears,
With ſaucy Freedoms and indecent Airs
For the ſoft Sex to own his am'rous Flames,
And raviſh Kiſſes from the ſtruggling Dames.
Sometimes, a Train more glorious to behold,
With Gems reſplendent and embroider'd Gold,
In Robes of State attir'd, and rich Array,
Diſplays the Pomp of ſome Illuſtrious Day;

Small

Small Nobles, tiny Peers, a ſplendid Throng,
And wooden Heroines paſs in State along.
With active Steps the gentle Knights advance,
And graceful lead the Ladies to the Dance.
Safe from the Inſults of the hoſtile Crane,
The Pygmy Court ſeems here reſtor'd again
In all the Glories of its ancient Reign.
At Noon of Night, by *Phœbe*'s lightſome Ray,
Thus the brisk Tribe of ſlender Fairies play;
Still round and round their circling Dance purſue,
And leave their Footſteps in the Morning Dew:
The fruitful Earth hence draws a quick Produce,
And teems luxuriant with a Myſtic Juice,
Pours forth her Stores, where they have led the [Round,
And verdant Circles mark the ſacred Ground.
Yet oft their Sports are loſt in loud Alarms,
And eager fly the dapper Chiefs to Arms;
To ſtern Contention joyous Peace gives way,
As ſudden Show'rs deform the ſmiling Day.

Thus are our Pleaſures ſtill chaſtis'd with Strife,
And Good and Evil chequer human Life.
Now Swords and Spears and murdering Guns they bear,
And all the fatal Inſtruments of War.
The Scenes with Crackers' dreadful Burſts reſound,
And Squibs and Serpents hiſs along the Ground.
Whole Troops of ſlaughter'd Warriors ſtrew the Stage;
The Crime of dire Revenge and civil Rage.

Soon as the Fury of the Fight is o'er,
And War's tumultuous Din is heard no more,
Their former Cares the Jovial Tribe renew,
And all the pleaſant Arts of Peace purſue.
Heroes of old, in happier Ages born,
Whoſe God-like Acts the Sacred Page adorn,
Here, much contracted in their Bulk, return;
The Sages of the Patriarchal Seed,
A hoary venerable Train, proceed:
Wrinkled their Face, with Age their Body bends,
Adown their Breaſt a reverend Beard deſcends.

Old

Old *Tithon* thus, if antient Tales ſpeak true,
Small and more ſmall, by Age diminiſh'd, grew:
His Form at laſt, worn by a length of Years,
Shrunk from a Pygmy's to a Graſhopper's.

Now ſay, my Muſe, from what ſuperior Cauſe
This ſlender Nation its Exiſtence draws;
Say, from what Power their various Motions riſe,
What Hand ſuch Vigour to their Limbs ſupplies.
The Artiſt's Skill contrives the wooden Race,
And carves in lifeleſs Sticks a human Face;
Then ſhapes the Trunk, and then the Parts aſſigns,
And Limbs to Limbs in meet Proportion joins:
With ſlender Tendons every Joint he ſtrings,
And forms the Movements with elaſtick Springs.
And now, directed by a Hand unſeen,
The finiſh'd Puppet ſtruts before the Scene;
Exalts a treble Voice and Eunuch Tone,
And ſqueaks his Part in Language not his own.

HORACE, ODE XXVII. BOOK I.

I.

'TIS heath'niſh o'er your Cups to fight;
Your Cups, intended for Delight.
The ſavage Cuſtom pray lay down,
Nor mix, with Blood of Grapes, your own.

II.

Daggers and Swords but ill agree
With ſocial Wine and Jollity:
All Tumults then, my Friends, forbear;
And each Man, peaceful, keep his Chair.

III.

Would'ſt have me put the Glaſs about?
With all my Heart — but firſt I vote,
That honeſt *Tom* ſhall toaſt the Fair,
The pleaſing Object of his Care.

IV. Not

IV.

Not toaſt her!— I'll not drink, by *Jove*,
On other Terms: come name your Love.
No common Jilt 'tis you prefer,
Who ſtill in Love diſcreetly err.

V.

Nay, ſpeak it out —— What do I hear?
B——y, that too too charming Fair.
Ah Wretch! how durſt Thou aim ſo high?
Thou'rt doom'd, alas! to love and die.

VI.

No Pow'r of Herbs, no magic Strains
Can e'er releaſe thee from thy Chains:
Nought can thy Liberty reſtore.
Her Captive once, and free no more.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

LOng from the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms;
Reſerv'd to fall by Thee.

II.

In Safety thus from all Eſſays
The roving Turtle flies;
'Till ſome unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

III.

Thou, Fair one, Thou alone couldſt move
This Paſſion in my Breaſt;
Thou, Thou alone could'ſt teach me Love,
O teach me to be bleſt.

An excellent new Ballad on the South-Sea *Dog-Fiſh, that was ſhewn on the River* Thames, *in* July 1725.

I.

WHen Stock was fall'n down, derry down,
To bob for *Greenland* Whale
The *South-Sea* to the *North-Sea* ſent;
And thereby hangs a Tale.

II.

What elſe they got, I know no more
Than does the Pope of *Rome*;
But twelve tall Ships together ſail'd,
And brought a Dog-Fiſh Home.

III.

This Dog-Fiſh he was young and tame,
And eke a Beauty rare,
As e'er was ſhew'd at *Bart'lemew*,
Ay or at *Southwark* Fair.

IV.

His Eyes were ſparkling bright, as e'er
A Lady's on the Land;
His Skin as ſoft as Blackamoor's,
Or Velvet to your Hand.

V.

His Skin, good lack! I ſhould have ſaid,
How ſleek and ſhort his Hair:
But then, ſo long as 'twas ſo ſhort,
It may be paſt howe'er.

VI.

As for this Dog's two Fore-Legs, they
Were neither big nor ſmall;
And as for his two Hinder-Legs,
They were no Legs at all.

VII.

Behind theſe Legs there hung an A——
And at that ſame this Lub-

ver Dog-Fiſh had a pickled Tail;
Which Tail was in a Tub.

VIII.

And eke this Tub was his Cloſeſtool,
So cloſe that nought was loſt;
For his E-va-cu-a-ti-ons
Were made *a parte poſt.*

IX.

A parte poſt; theſe Words ſo hard,
In Latin tho' we ſpeak 'em;
Their Meaning in plain Engliſh is,
He made pure *Album-Græcum.*

X.

From far and near, this Dog to ſee,
Came Skullers and came Oars;
Cits, Cuckolds; Cuckold-makers, Beaux;
Wives, Widows, Maids and Wh——

XI.

Came thick and threefold *Wappineers;*
All thro' Bridge Ho! ſo jolly;
Came Shoals from *Butterſea,* tho' cut
For Simples, to the *Folly.*

XII.

For at the *Folly,* you muſt know,
His wiſe Directors plac'd him;
And, like my Lord Mayor in his Barge,
With Flag and Trumpet grac'd him.

XIII.

To ſee him, all their Teſters gave;
And ſome gave all they had;
And ſo our Dog he bit 'em all:
'Tis well he was not mad.

XIV.

So Caſh came in, and Stock run high;
Rare Hope of Dividend!

The Word it now was *Cent. per Cent.*
But mark ye, Sirs, the End.

XV.

They, too intent on *Cent. per Cent.*
Their growing Gains purſue;
And Penny-wiſe, alack! forget
To give the Dog his Due.

XVI.

His Flounders they forgot to bring,
Nor Gudgeons did provide;
Nor laid they Salt upon his Tail:
And ſo poor *Toby* dy'd.

XVII.

Tho' the Dog-ſtar, the Learned ſay,
Now mounting up the Skies,
Upon his Rival here below
Look'd down with envious Eyes;

XVIII.

And growl'd, and cock'd his Tail, and thence
Shot forth a killing Ray;
Now I am riſing, thou ſhalt ſet;
Each Dog muſt have his Day.

XIX.

So *Toby* dy'd: But if the Muſe,
My Muſe, can ought foretell;
Babes yet unborn ſhall ſing his Fame,
In this ſame Dog-ger-ell.

XX.

Then wiſh we all, ſince from One Dog
Such Profits might have come;
That four and twenty Ships, next Year,
May bring a Couple Home.

An ODE *of* ANACREON, *tranſlated after the* Greek *Meaſure.*

Δότε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες, &c.

GIve, ye Nymphs, O give your Lover,
Give the Bowl, and flowing over;
See me panting, glowing, firing!
See me, ſee me juſt expiring!

Give, ye Nymphs, from yonder Bowers,
Give me Wreaths of cooling Flowers;
See my Garlands all are waſted,
By my blazing Temples blaſted!
But if Flames of Love invade Thee,
What, O what, my Heart, can ſhade Thee!

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

HEre ſleep, whom neither Life, nor Love,
Nor Friendſhip's ſtricteſt Tye,
Could in ſuch cloſe Embrace as Thou,
Thou faithful Grave, ally.

Preſerve them, each diſſolv'd in each,
For Bands of Love divine,
For Union only more complete,
Thou faithful Grave! than thine.

On the foregoing Epitaph.

IF, as they tell us, Man and Wife
Are marry'd only but for Life;
Say then, ye learned Caſuiſts, whether
They after Death ſhould lie together.

PASTORAL.

COLIN. THENOT.

COLIN.

THenot, Good-day; ſure thou art bent to [thrive
In Wealth and Wiſdom, thus to riſe by Five.

THENOT.

I roſe not, Truth to tell, to tend my Sheep;
'Twas Love, not Thrift, that broke my Morning [Sleep.

COLIN.

If Love thine Ailment is, ſo ſoon to riſe
Perhaps may make Thee rich, but never wiſe.

THENOT.

And why this Scoff? our Landlord has, they ſay,
Long woo'd, and lately wed a Lady gay;
And he is wiſe, or ſure had ne'er been ſent,
A Member for the Shire, to Parliament.

COLIN.

Yes, money'd Squires, that o'er the Country rule,
May plead their Privilege to play the Fool;

Far other Thoughts ſhould fill the poor Man's [Head;
He ſeeks not Dainties, who is pinch'd for Bread.

THENOT.

If Love and Courting be forbid the Poor,
You make the Diſtance greater than before:
None are beneath us here, and none above;
For all are Slaves and Sovereigns in Love.

COLIN.

How can He meet Relief who courts his Pains,
Or Freedom find, who glories in his Chains?
Yet to thy *Colin* all thy Grief reveal;
We tell with Pleaſure what with Pain we feel.

THENOT.

To truſty *Colin* I my Love unfold,
Which to my Sweet-heart dear was never told;
Lucy, the prettieſt Maiden in the Town,
Sweet as the Nut, tho' as the Berry brown.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Who ſpares to ſpeak, to ſpeed muſt ever ſpare;
How ſhall he wed, that will not woo the Fair?
By timely Vent the Farmer ſaves his Hay,
That ſmother'd cloſe would kindling burn away.

THENOT.

The wiſeſt Scholars know not where to find
Apt Words, well ſuiting to a love-ſick Mind:
What Grace ſhall *Thenot*'s clowniſh Speech adorn?
I hope her Favour, but I fear her Scorn.

COLIN.

Faint Heart, like thine, ne'er won a lovely Maid;
Speak fair, few Damſels but of Praiſe are glad:
Deſpair not for a peeviſh Word or Frown;
The blackeſt Storms are ſooneſt over-blown.

THENOT.

Fridays of ev'ry Week, the Proverb ſays,
Are ſtill the faireſt or the fouleſt Days.

Like *Fridays'* Skies will faithful Paſſion prove;
For in our Youthful Prime, our Days of Love
Bleſt in extremes, or in extremes are curſt,
Of all moſt Happy, or of all the Worſt.

COLIN.

He reaps in Harveſt who in Seed-time ſows;
Who ſlights the prickly Thorn ſhall gain the Roſe;
Who flys Diſdain ſhould never Kindneſs meet,
Who ſhuns the ſour ſhould never taſt the ſweet.

THENOT.

I'm us'd to toil, nor Labour ſhall be ſpar'd;
Rich are the Wages, tho' the Work is hard.
To tell how rich! oh what ſhall *Thenot* ſay!
Sweet is the riſing, and the parting Day,
The Fruits of *Auguſt*, and the Flow'rs of *May*.
In *July* Shade, in bleak *December* Fire,
Eaſe in our Age, and in our Youth Deſire.

COLIN.

COLIN.

In Words like theſe to Her thy Love impart,
If once ſhe gives an Ear, ſhe'll give her Heart.
Mean time with quicker Pace to Buſineſs move;

THENOT.

At leaſt if Buſineſs can agree with Love.

To LESBIA, *out of* CATULLUS.

COME, deareſt *Lesbia*, Heav'nly Fair,
Let Life and Love be all our Care:
Come, let's be happy, let's be bold,
Nor heed the Cenſures of the old.
When *Phœbus* falling leaves the Skies,
He only falls again to riſe:
But when our ſhort-liv'd Courſe is o'er,
We fall, alas! to riſe no more.

If

If now, my Fair, we balk Delight,
We're loſt in everlaſting Night.
Give then, a thouſand Kiſſes give;
'Tis thus to love, 'tis thus to live;
Another, and another lend,
O kiſs me, kiſs me without End.
'Tis fit, my *Lesbia*, none ſhould know
To what Account our Bleſſings grow;
'Tis happy, if our ſelves confeſs,
Our darling Joys are numberleſs.

An O D E.

I.

SHE comes! ſhe comes! now pants my Heart,
Now tremble I in every Part,
Now feel I trill a pleaſing Pain
Thro' every Nerve, thro' every Vein.

Now

II.

Now am I delug'd with Surprize,
)'erwhelm'd my Brain, o'ercaſt my Eyes;
Alarm and Wonder o'er me rowl,
And turn to Ecſtaſie my Soul.

III.

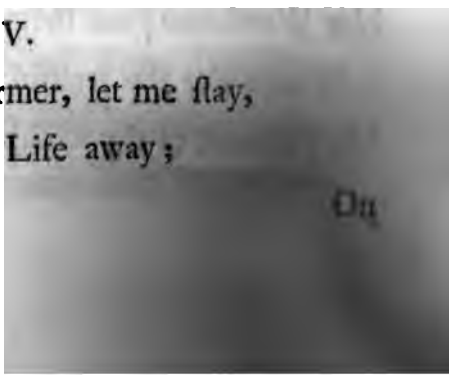
What Rays of Beauty round her play,
And kindle up a ſprightlier Day!
What Beams of Virtue all confeſt
Send more than Sun-ſhine thro' my Breaſt!

IV.

Hark, hark; how ſweetly ſpeaks my Dear!
O hear, my Ears, for ever hear:
See, ſee what Smiles her Looks imblaze!
O gaze, my Eyes, for ever gaze.

V.

Still near Thee, Charmer, let me ſtay,
And look and hear my Life away;



On Thee attend, with Thee abide,
And, where my Heart reſides, reſide.

VI.

Of Freedom now no more I boaſt,
Enamour'd, vanquiſh'd, captive, loſt;
I ſigh, I burn, I faint, I fall,
Who took'ſt my Heart, O take me All.

To Mr. FENTON, *on his Tragedy of* Mariamne

ACCEPT, great Bard, the Tribute of my
Tho' tuneleſs be my Voice, and rude my [Praiſe
With thy ambroſial Banquet, Heav'nly Food! [Lays
My Soul replete, breaks forth in Gratitude:
How ardent are the Tranſports which I feel!
Nor Words can paint them, nor my Heart conceal
Where-e'er thy fruitful Genius leads the Way,
My Paſſions, of thy Guidance proud, obey;
From

From Grief to Joy, from Rage to tender Love,
In exquiſite Variety I rove.
Now I am rapt into the gloomy Glade,
Where flits before my Eyes the Princely Shade;
Perſeus I ſee, from Regal Grandeur toſt,
And all the *Macedonian* Glories loſt.
With bright *Arſinoe*'s Joys my Soul dilates,
When Conſtancy ſubdues her adverſe Fates.
When for her darling Child her Tears o'erflow
Sympathize in *Mariamne*'s Woe.
Ev'n *Herod*, tho' by Uſurpation great,
Tho' fell Deſtruction ſtalk'd around his State,
Tho' Royal *Aſmonæan* Blood he ſhed,
Nor lamblike Innocence his Fury fled;
When drawn by Thee, when paſſing thro' thy [Hands,
Suſpends our Anger, and our Tears demands:
With Pity we behold his wild Exceſs,
And moan the Savage Tyrant's deep Diſtreſs.

Let

Let the mean Wretch enjoy his ſordid Hire;
To Venal Poetry who ſtrings his Lyre;
Pleas'd with th' ignoble Fame of one ſhort Day,
And then in dark Oblivion fades away;
Content a partial faint Applauſe to raiſe,
And hazard all his Store of labour'd Praiſe.

Thou ſoar'ſt a higher Pitch, thy ſacred Verſe
Poſterity with Raptures ſhall rehearſe:
A perfect Model thy great Work ſhall ſtand,
In every Language, and in every Land.

Thus the vain Libertine his Time deſtroys
In riotous Debauch, and ſenſual Joys;
In ſhort-liv'd ignominious Pleaſure rowls,
Trifling his Span of Life o'er flowing Bowls.
But the true Heroe glows with pious Rage,
Treads with Neglect this tranſitory Stage;
To nobler Views transfers his juſt Regard,
Eternity and Heav'n his Aim and his Reward.

On

ALEXANDER & XERXES.

In Latin *and* Engliſh.

FLet Macedo, ſibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,
Indignans armis nil ſupereſſe ſuis.
Flet Xerxes, quòd nemo ſuis de millibus, ætas
Proxima cum veniet, nemo ſuperſtes erit.
Nolo tuas, Macedo, lachrymas: ego laudo dolorem
Humanum; & tecum, Perſa, dolere volo.

THE *Macedonian* Youth with Tears deplor'd
The ſcanty Globe ſhould ſtint his conqu'ring [Sword.
Xerxes in Tears diſſolv'd, to think how ſoon
His num'rous Hoſt would All be dead and gone.
The *Perſian*'s juſter Tears my Praiſe employ;
Admire who will the froward *Græcian* Boy.

To a Young Lady, on her Lark.

I.

SEE how thy captive Lark,
While Clouds obſcure the Sky,
Sits penſive in his Cage,
And pines for Liberty!

II.

But if the Sun breaks forth,
He ſtrait renews his Note;
Forgets he e'er was free,
And ſwells his warbling Throat.

III.

So when thy awful Brow
Frowns with Diſdain or Hate;
I groan beneath thy Yoke,
And curſe my ill-ſtarr'd Fate.

IV.

But when thy heav'nly Face
With pleaſing Smiles looks gay,
I bleſs my Conqueror,
And glory to obey.

V.

Then ſince I'm doom'd thy Slave,
Compaſſionate my Pains;
I beg not to be free,
But give me eaſie Chains.

The DREAM.

LAST Night when Sleep, with grateful Reſt,
Had calm'd the Tumults in my Breaſt;
My Fancy, to my glad Surprize,
Plac'd *Clara*'s Form before my Eyes:
Her Face, the uſual Seat of Scorn,
Endearing Smiles did then adorn.

I ran with Tranſport to the Shade,
And claſp'd the viſionary Maid;
'Till waken'd by her pow'rful Charms,
I found my Pillow in my Arms.

Oh fleeting Joys! deluſive State!
How like *Ixion*'s is my Fate!
He vainly with preſumptuous Love,
Aſpiring to the Wife of *Jove*;
Embrac'd, inſtead of *Juno* fair,
A Proxy-Miſtreſs made of Air.
But my Ambition not ſo great,
A ſmaller Diſappointment met;
And ſo a Dame my Boſom warm'd,
Of more ſubſtantial Feathers form'd.

An *EPIGRAM.*

NO more, O *Rome*, thy wrong Belief defend,
No more for ſeven Sacraments contend:
Each wedded Wretch can readily confute
Thy boaſted Arguments in this Diſpute:
For all, by ſad Experience taught, proclaim
Penance and Matrimony are the ſame.

ANOTHER.

NOT all the Shifts that crafty *Rome* invents,
Can e'er compleat her Tale of Sacraments:
For while the wedded Laymen, to their Coſt,
Find Matrimony all in Penance loſt,
The Clergy own, debarr'd the Nuptial Flame,
Penance and Orders are to them the ſame.

On *HUMAN LIFE.*

I.

SInce all Mankind to Happineſs
Lay ſome fantaſtic Claim;
'Tis ſtrange, among ſo great a Crowd,
That all ſhould miſs their Aim.

II.

How were I bleſt, the Peaſant cries,
Had Empire been my Share!
Curſt be this Grandeur, ſays the Prince,
The Source of all my Care.

III.

As when ſome craggy Cliff from far
With Pleaſure we ſurvey;
And, with the diſtant Proſpect fir'd,
Streight thither make our Way:

IV.

But find at length, with Pains arriv'd,
Its tempting Glory ceas'd;
By deſart Barrenneſs convinc'd
The Diſtance only pleas'd.

V.

Thus our o'er-heated Fancies rove
In all Affairs of Life;
Her, whom a Miſtreſs we adore,
We nauſeate when a Wife.

VI.

I'll, to be happy, be content,
Nor break with Care my Sleeps;
Bliſs, like a Shadow, run or ſtand,
The ſelf-ſame Diſtance keeps.

The *PENITENT.*

I.

Silent and loneſome while I lie,
To my ſick Bed confin'd;
My Follies paſt, my num'rous Sins
Riſe dreadful in my Mind.

II.

In vain I turn from Side to Side,
To gain my Body Eaſe;
In vain ſolicit every Thought,
To calm my Soul to Peace.

III.

No Peace the Wicked ſhall enjoy;
(So God's fix'd Will ordains)
But He who taſtes the Sweets of Sin,
Shall groan beneath its Pains.

IV. Ear

IV.

Earneſt for Pity now I cry,
Awaken'd by my Smart:
Reproachful Shame confounds my Soul,
And Anguiſh rends my Heart.

V.

But oh! will God regard my Tears,
The Fruit of Guilt and Fear?
Me, who his Juſtice have provok'd,
Oh! will his Mercy ſpare?

VI.

Yes; for the broken contrite Heart
My Saviour's Suff'rings plead:
He will not quench the ſmoaking Flax,
Nor break the bruiſed Reed.

VII.

Ev'n here I feel his gracious Hand;
'Tis He, ſeverely kind,

With Sickneſs bows my Body down,
To raiſe my ſinking Mind.

VIII.

Thy poor unworthy Servant view,
Reſign'd to thy Decree;
Ordain me or to live or die,
But live or die in Thee.

IX.

Upon thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
My humbled Soul is caſt;
Thou'lt bear me ſafe thro' Life, thro' Death,
And raiſe me up at laſt.

X.

Low as this mortal Frame muſt lie,
This mortal Frame ſhall ſing,
Where is thy Victory, O Grave?
And where, O Death, thy Sting?

To Sir HERBERT POWELL, *Bart.*

Upon his going to Travel.

IN Friendly Part a well-meant Gift receive,
The beſt, tho' ſmall, that I have Pow'r to give;
Boldly without Reluctance lend an Ear,
Nor flatt'ring Verſe, nor Dedication fear,
Which only tells us what we gueſs'd before,
How rich the Patron, and the Bard how poor.
If wiſely covetous of pretious Time,
You dread the long Impertinence of Rhyme,
Theſe Lines with Patience may be over-paſt,
My firſt, and what is more, perhaps my laſt.
From all ſuch Danger ſhortly You'll be free,
If not on this ſide, yet, beyond the Sea.
Religion firſt be made Your utmoſt Care,
Nor drop Your native Faith in foreign Air:
Nor, like the flutt'ring Triflers of the Town,
Go forth with little, and come back with none.

Mother

Mother of Errors *Rome* we well may call,
Parent of too much Faith; and none at all.
Where lying Miracles and Monkiſh Dreams
Fright thoughtleſs Fools to contrary Extremes:
Who their twelve Articles of Faith give o'er,
Becauſe the *Trental* Creed has twenty four:
And count the Flames of Hell a fabled Story,
Becauſe they ſee the Frauds of Purgatory.
In vain You boaſt from Pop'ry You are free,
If ting'd with Unbelief in *Italy:*
As juſtly deſolate *Marſeilles* may brag,
That ſhe has no Diſeaſe, except the Plague.
Foe to their Church, O copy not their Vice,
Nor envy their *Italian* Liberties;
Nor aim ſo much in Breeding to excel,
To think it worth the Price of certain Hell.
The Devil's Lab'rers muſt receive their Hire;
There's no Inſurance from eternal Fire.

I

In Vice we *Tramontanes* muſt quit the Field,
And *Wy—rn* ſure to *Elephantis* yield.
With far-fetch'd Luſt our modiſh Cloſets ſhine,
But *Britain* ne'er produc'd an *Aretine*;
Nor vile Intrigues avow'd as lawful Flame,
Nor e'er by Statutes authoriz'd her Shame:
Tho' large Returns the Publick might take in,
From licens'd Practice of imported Sin;
Might *Britiſh* Rakes *Dutch* Muſick-houſes uſe,
And build them *Roman* or *Venetian* Stews.

Next, travel not for nought thro' diſtant Lands;
Be wiſe, and juſt, and diligent as *Sands*,
Whoſe penetrating Eye diſtinctly ſees
Religions, Governments, and Polities.
Some only learn the Diff'rence, all the while,
Betwixt an *Engliſh* and a *German* Mile.
What Nation's Reck'nings at their Inns are
If Coaches or Poſt-Chaiſes travel

That *Adria*'s Iſles are pleaſing to behold;
That *Spain* is hot, and *Swiſſerland* is cold.
Your Party Politicians will aſpire
A little, and indeed but little, higher.
Fir'd with their Country's Love they range abroad,
To find by Toils that Liberty is good.
Dauntleſs for this the free-born *Briton* goes
O'er *Daniſh* Ice, and *Pyrenean* Snows.
So round the Globe on Foot great *Coryat* ſtrays,
To ſearch how long the Roads, and deep the Ways;
To know where Meat was good and Liquor fine;
How ſtrong the Sign-poſt, and how gay the Sign.
Nor doat on antique Pieces, nor deſpiſe:
Oft view, but ſeldom purchaſe Rarities.
Truſt not their Medals lately dug from Duſt,
With modern Soil, and imitated Ruſt.
Your *Virtuoſo* travels with Deſign
To heap up Treaſures of uncurrent Coin:

Doats

Doats on the Letters round a *Græcian* Head,
Half raz'd; which, were they plain, he could not read.
Pays Weight for Weight, new Gold for antient [Stone:
And for an *Otho*'s Head would give his own.
Curious abroad, forget not all the while
The matchleſs Glories of Your native Iſle;
In *Britiſh* Straits what mighty Navies ride,
What Wealth flows in with each returning Tide.
Our callow Youth for Paintings viſit *Rome*,
And know not the Cartons they left at Home.
Strange Sights o'er *Alps* and *Appennines* they ſeek,
But ſtare with Silence if you name the *Peak*.
The fam'd *Venetian* Ars'nal they explore,
But ſlight the Arm'ry in the *London* Tow'r.
With Floods of Speech the *Vatican* they praiſe,
But never heard of *Bodley* in their Days.
Aſham'd of Home, of foreign Climes they boaſt;
And *Thames* and *Humber* are in *Tyber* loſt.

When

When back return'd, let not Your whole Diſ-
[courſe
Aſſert the Privilege of Travellers:
Nor ſtrange Relations of Adventures give,
Which few delight to hear, and none believe.
Throw not Your Country's Manners quite aſide,
Nor taint our honeſt Air with foreign Pride.
An *Engliſhman*, the Proverb tells You true,
Who turns *Italian*, turns a Devil too.
And none, unleſs diſtracted, would forgo
The *Britiſh* Subſtance for the *Gallick* Show.
Own that a Man of Worth may juſtly ſhine,
Who never *Paris* view'd, or paſs'd the *Rhine*:
Such was Your * Grandſire, Glory of Your Name,
(O might Your Virtue merit equal Fame!)
Friend to Religion fix'd, and true to Laws,
When ſuff'ring Prelates prop'd the Church's Cauſe.

Like

* Sir *John Powel*, one of the Judges of the King's-Bench, who acquitted the ſeven Biſhops.

Like him accompliſh'd, *Britain* few can boaſt,
And yet the narrow Seas he never croſt.

Obſerve theſe Rules, till others better skill'd;
More uſeful Leſſons to Your Youth ſhall yield.
When far from Home, or from a wiſer Friend,
Theſe Rules, tho' mean, may ſome Aſſiſtance lend;
If ought of common Senſe I underſtand,
Who ne'er ſaw *Dover* Cliffs, or *Calais'* Sand.

To the Duke of R—— *on his Birth-Day: preſented by his Son, an Infant.*

THat this bleſt Day, thro' Time's long Race,
May bring new Bleſſings to Your Grace,
Seems a ſtrange Pray'r for me ſo young,
Before the pratling Uſe of Tongue:
Yet when, to warble Hymns Divine,
Painters a Cherubim deſign,
They draw an Infant's Face, like mine.

On

S O N G.

A Thouſand Charms in *Celia* meet;
A thouſand Lovers at her Feet:
Yet ſhe maintains the Maid, and flights
The Genial Bed, and *Hymen*'s Rites.
Not want of Pity in the Fair
But worth in Man, defeats his Pray'r;
Wiſe Caution, and not proud Diſdain,
Preſerves ſo long her Virgin Reign.

To Mrs. ANASTASIA ROBINSON.

WHen *Salva* ſings or plays the Heroine's [Part,
The Fiction's ill ſupported by her Art;
There's ſomething vulgar, through the rich Diſguiſe,
Betrays the Mimick, and offends the Eyes.
But when your Voice is heard, and Beauty ſeen;
You ſeem a Goddeſs, when You act a Queen.

From MARTIAL.

Callidus effractâ nummos fur auferet arcâ, &c.

I.

THY hoarded Gold, thy Cheſts may quit
To wily Thieves a Prize;
Thy Houſe, to waſting Flames ſubmit,
And vaniſh from thine Eyes.

II.

Thy Money lent, no Uſe may yield,
It ſelf be thine no more;
The Seed thou ſcatter'ſt in thy Field,
Thy Field may ne'er reſtore.

III.

Thy truſted Agents, lewd or vain,
May riot at thy Coſt;
Thy freighted Veſſels on the Main,
May in the Main be loſt.

IV.

What to thy Friends thy Hands conſign,
And bounteouſly beſtow;
That Treaſure, that alone is thine,
And always will be ſo.

S O N G.

I.

HOW do they err, who throw their Love
On Fate or Fortune wholly,
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly!

II.

For how can Pleaſure ſolid be
Where Thought is out of Seaſon?
Do I love You, or You love Me,
My Dear, without a Reaſon?

III.

Our Senſe then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradiſe expecting;
Yet envying none the trifling Joy,
That will not bear reflecting.

IV.

For Wiſdom's Pow'r (ſince after all
Ev'n Life is paſt the curing!)
Softens the worſt that can befall,
And makes the beſt enduring!

CATULLIANUM,

Decantatum illud

Boys and Girls, come out to play, &c.

A Deſte, ô pueri puellulæque,
Omnes undique, ſed lubenter omnes;
Luſuri pueri puellulæque.
Phœbe pallidulo renidet orbe,

Vix impar jubari meridiano,
Ne vobis vacet aut cibo aut ſopori;
Non nobis vacat aut cibo aut ſopori.
Vocant vos triviæ choro ſonantes,
Vocant vos comites; adeſte ludis;
Vocant vos pueri puellulæque.

On Ben Johnſon's *Buſt, lately ſet up in* Weſtminſter *Abby, with the Buttons on the wrong Side.*

O Rare *Ben Johnſon!* what, a Turn-coat
Thou ne'er wert ſuch, till thou wert clad in [grown? [Stone:
When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat impairs,
Thou'lt find a Patron in a hundred Years:
Then let not this Miſtake diſturb thy Sprite,
Another Age ſhall ſet thy Buttons right.

REFLECTIONS upon theſe two Verſes of Mr. OLDHAM'S:

Lord of my ſelf, accountable to none
But to my Conſcience, and my God alone.

I.

LIve there, compos'd of earthly Frame,
Who dare ſuch Height of Pride to own,
Lords of themſelves, themſelves to name,
As if accountable to none?

II.

How vain th'aſſuming in a Dream
The Greatneſs due to God alone!
Who ſelf-ſufficient, and ſupreme,
Still reigns accountable to none.

III.

Thus *Lucifer* his Honours
Hurl'd headlong from his

So dear the ſhort aſpiring Coſt,
To reign accountable to none.

IV.

Pride ſoars for Seraphim too high!
Shall Man be proud, a Wretch forlorn!
Ere well he lives ordain'd to die,
Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born!

V.

An angry Look, or ſudden Word,
A ſtinging Weed, or little Thorn
Can diſcompoſe this mighty Lord,
Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born.

VI.

The ſlighteſt Toy can end his Span,
The meaneſt Object of his Scorn
Can cruſh this independant Man,
Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born.

VII. But

VII.

But few perhaps deſire, while here,
To reign accountable to none:
The wiſeſt may vouchſafe to fear
Their Conſcience and their God alone.

VIII.

While Fools, for Terror or Reward,
Are ſteer'd by Motions not their own;
Theſe centring in themſelves, regard
Their Conſcience and their God alone.

IX.

The World may flatter, or revile,
May court the Mitre or the Throne;
Theſe fear the Frown and ſeek the Smile
Of Conſcience and of God alone.

X.

Here ſurely they may Refuge take,
No; lower yet deſcend and lower;

For ſee the Windings of the Snake
Beneath the Beauties of the Flower.

XI.

Saints from Accounting are not free,
When Chains of Duty bind their Hands:
And e'en when theſe are looſe, we ſee
That ſtrong Neceſſity commands!

XII.

Go! bid the wiſeſt Pleader gain
The Cauſe of which he nothing ſees:
Go! bid Phyſicians heal our Pain,
Without enquiring the Diſeaſe.

XIII.

Depending ſeemingly on Air,
Her Nets the lab'ring Inſect ſpreads.
The nearer Nothing they appear,
The eaſier 'tis to break their Threads.

XIV. Thro

XIV.

Thro' Nature we may ſearch in vain:
Where can this fond *Chimera* be,
This Viſion of the waking Brain,
This Idol Independancy?

XV.

The larger half of all Mankind,
Not yet to Years of Reaſon grown,
By God and Nature are aſſign'd;
Nor Will, nor Freedom of their own.

XVI.

Woman, a Goddeſs to the Fool,
Without uſurping cannot ſway.
By what Commiſſion ſhall ſhe rule,
Sworn, nay created, to obey!

XVII.

Subjects with ſworn Allegiance bow
To Sov'reigns, Heav'n's peculiar Care!

And

And juſt Degrees of Duty owe
To all that *Cæſar*'s Image bear.

XVIII.

Nay, tho' th' unworthieſt of the Crowd
Above their Fellows Heads ſhould ſoar,
To Them, the learn'd, the wiſe, the good,
May bow reſpectful, when in Pow'r.

XIX.

If ought our Brother's Fall may cauſe,
The Scandal giv'n we muſt remove;
Enjoyn'd by Chriſt, if not by Laws,
To veil our Dignity to Love.

XX.

At Charity's Almighty Call,
Down, down is human Grandeur thrown.
We then muſt give Account to all.
And thus accountable to none!

XXI. Th

XXI.

The greateſt Sov'reign of the Ball,
High rais'd on his Imperial Throne,
In Love muſt give Account to all.
In Law accountable to none.

XXII.

To Friends and Foes, to Great and Small,
Our Country's Servants, nay our own,
We all muſt give Account to all.
And thus accountable to none!

XXIII.

But grant that, far from Human-kind,
Obliging and oblig'd by none,
We graze like Anchorites, reſign'd
To Conſcience and to God alone:

XXIV.

Tho' the firſt Thought perhaps may rove,
As if from Awe of all we ran:

Severely will the ſecond prove
That Pride was never made for Man.

XXV.

If all we think, and do, and ſay,
To Men and Angels will be ſhown;
What boots it for an Hour, or Day,
To lurk, accountable to none?

Preſented to a Young Lady, with Advice to a Daughter.

ADvice, *Coſmelia*, by the Wiſe is lov'd,
And, where 'tis wanted leaſt, is moſt ap-[prov'd:
What tho' it teach but how you now behave,
A Friend may offer what a Father gave!
What tho' you need it not, yet kindly take
And read it oft and oft for others' ſake!
In faireſt Light their Duty then they'll view,
The Precept this, the bright Example You.

On

On the Diſpute before the Parliament about building a Bridge at Weſtminſter.

OLD *London*, great and wealthy grown,
Will have no Bridge beſides her own:
While *Weſtminſter* pleads Equity,
To have a Bridge as well as She.
Each to the Houſe her Pray'r prefers;
And She that Hers, and She that Hers,
Inſiſts, is, to a Demonſtration,
Moſt for the Service of the Nation.

The Houſe reſolv'd, with one Conſent,
For ſoon they ſmok'd the Argument,
That All, from the Land's-End to *Dover*,
Will praiſe the Bridge that they go over,

EPITAPH on an INFANT.

TO the dark and ſilent Tomb,
Soon I haſted from the Womb;
Scarce the Dawn of Life began,
Ere I meaſur'd out my Span.

I no ſmiling Pleaſures knew,
I no gay Delights could view;
Joyleſs Sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy Infant! early bleſt!
Reſt, in peaceful Slumber reſt;
Early reſcu'd from the Cares,
Which increaſe with growing Years.

No Delights are worth thy Stay,
Smiling as they ſeem and gay;
All our Gayety is vain,
All our Laughter is but Pain.

Are then all your Pleaſures vain?
Is there none exempt from Pain?
Is there no Delight or Joy,
But your fondeſt Hopes will cloy?

Short and ſickly are they all:
Hardly taſted, ere they pall:
Laſting only, and divine,
Is an Innocence like Thine.

Sickly Pleaſures, all adieu!
Pleaſures, which I [illegible] ew:

I'll enjoy my early Reſt,
Of my Innocence poſſeſt;
Happy, happy! from the Womb
That I haſted to the Tomb.

LAPIDARIUM.

Sub brevi hoc marmore reconditur
Quod reliquum eſt
(Heu! quantuli quantillum!)
J. C.
Qui vitam proſpexit tantùm,
Et egreſſus eſt;
In ipſo primo aditu,
Nugarum & lachrymarum ſatur.

The *MASQUERADE.*

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

I.

YOu've heard of more than civil Jars
Betwixt two Rival Theatres
Contending to exhauſt us;
Each clapt their Fools in Maſquerade,
Each call'd their Devil to their Aid,
And each their *Doctor Fauſtus.*

II.

The Hireling Actors, for their Pay,
They made to vary every Day
To every Shape in Nature;
And where's the Wonder of all this?
Still was no *Metamorphoſis*
E'er wrought in the

III. But

III.

But this is Art, conſummate Art,
To make the Audience play their Part;
And we've an old *Volpone*
Makes Theſe perform his Drudgery
At their own Charge, and pay to be
His *Dramatis Perſonæ.*

IV.

In thick impenetrable Braſs
Kind Nature firſt rough-caſt his Face,
And ſtock'd him for a Trader;
Sent him with Native Vizor on,
For, of all Creatures, He alone,
Was born a Maſquerader.

V.

Dug out of hard metallic Soil,
From Land of *Swiſs* to *Britain*'s Iſle
Was brought this choice Exotic:

That over Commoners and Peers,
Without a Rival, domineers
A Conjurer deſpotic.

VI.

In Dead of Night, with Toil oppreſt,
When harmleſs Mortals ſink to Reſt,
Behold his Phantomes riſing!
In Crouds, obſequious to his Call,
They pour into th' inchanted Hall
Ten thouſand Shapes ſurpriſing.

VII.

From every Nation, far and near,
The Repreſentatives appear,
Of all the ſeveral Places:
Hither her *Achmets Turkey* ſends,
Perſia her *Miriweis's* lends,
And *Rome* her *Bonifaces*.

VIII.

This wondrous Wizard's magic Force
Quite puts old Nature out of Courſe,
And all her Works perplexes;
Aſſerts a Pow'r of more Extent,
Than e'er did Act of Parliament;
And changes ev'n the Sexes.

IX.

Shews reverend Dotards of Fifteen,
With Beards ſo grey, and Heads ſo green,
Come pacing fiddle faddle:
With Bells, and Drums, and Bawbles ſtore,
Craz'd puling Infants of Threeſcore,
Come creeping from the Cradle.

X.

Or, if th' Enchanter ſo decree,
Preſto begone Humanity!
Brute after Brute advances:

Sly *Reinard* plays his Gibes and Mocks,
And liqu'riſh *Iſgrim* eyes the Flocks,
And *Bruin* leads the Dances.

XI.

Such Wonders not old *Ovid* ſings,
When, thro' the Forms transform'd of Things,
His fertile Fancy ranges:
'Twould put *Tireſias* to a ſtand;
Medea's Cup, or *Circe*'s Wand
Had never wrought theſe Changes.

XII.

Where Contraries like theſe are join'd,
Where *Incubi* of every kind
Compound ſuch diff'rent Natures:
What motly Race muſt hence proceed!
What unſpecific, monſtrous Breed
Of het'rogeneous Creatures!

XIII.

The myſtic Bacchanalian Rite,
The ſolemn Orgies of the Night
Keep, uncontroul'd, their Station:
'Till the Cock crow, and Matin Bell
With ſacred Sound diſſolve the Spell,
And end the Conjuration.

PROLOGUE to IGNORAMUS, *In* 1711.

IN Metamorphoſis, as Poets tell,
Proteus did all his Brother Gods excel.
Juſt as the Fancy took him wou'd appear
An *Opera* Lion, or a *Hockley* Bear.
Would bellow, grunt, or miaul, or bark, or hiſs;
In ſhort, no earthly Figure came amiſs.
But if you preſt him, and he could not ſcape,
At laſt he reaſſum'd his proper Shape.

Juſt

Juſt ſuch in Life has *Ignoramus* been,
Firſt in one Dreſs, and then another ſeen.
Howe'er this Play confines him to the Bar,
He ranges, and by Turns is ev'ry where.
Sometimes upon a Stage exalted high,
He either couches, or puts out an Eye.
Now glares in gilded Chariot, and anon
Aſcends a Tub, and proves a ſtiff *Non-Con.*
Then he will dreſs, and drink, and ſwear, and fight,
And loſe a thouſand Guineas in a Night.
Next runs againſt a Poſt, and breaks a Shin,
Yet gravely tells you of the Light within.
Soon after the Poetic Maggot bites,
He calls for Paper, Pen, and Ink, and writes
No matter what, Dramatics, Epics, Lyrics,
Ballads or Odes, Lampoons or Panegyrics.
Thus have I oft the various Frenzy view'd,
Thro' every Scene the ſhifting Fool purſu'd,

'Till tir'd with all the Changes he had ſhow
His genuine Figure he reſolv'd to own,
Of *Dev'reux* Court, his proper Sphere, po
Free-Thinker turn'd — and there he ſtands

On a Lady ſtung by a Bee.

I.

AS *Cælia* in her Garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm;
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And reſted on her Arm.

II.

The curious Inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting Bloom:
But, with a thouſand Sweets in view,
It found a ſudden Doom.

III.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
The daring little Thing;
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiv'd
And felt the painful Sting.

IV.

Once only could that Sting ſurprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of *Cælia*'s Eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

V.

Oh! would the ſhort-liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to Pity move;
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endleſs Love.

The *FAIRIES.*

I.

COme follow, follow me,
Ye fairy Elves, that be
Light tripping o'er the Green;
Come follow *Mab* your Queen:
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For this Place is Fairy Ground.

II.

When Mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoreing in their Neſt;
Unheard and uneſpy'd
Through Key-holes we do glide,
Over Tables, Stools and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

III. And

LEMURES.

I.

EIA! Lemures amati,
Viridem per herbam prati
Levi greſſu me divinam,
Me ſequimini Reginam:
Manus nexas glomerantes,
Sacro ſolo ſaltitantes.

II.

Horæ ſomni cùm revertunt,
Lectis & mortales ſtertunt,
Patet clauſis ſeris iter,
Nec videtur, nec auditur.
Nec impediunt vagatores
Menſæ, ſellæ, ſcamna, fores.

III. *Signa*

III.

And if the Houſe be foul,
With Platter, Diſh or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs:
None us hears, and none us ſpies.

IV.

But if the Houſe be ſwept,
And from Uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the Houſhold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her Shoe.

V.

Then o'er a Muſhroom's Head,
Our Table-cloth we ſpread,

III.

Siqua fœda ſint in cellis,
Ollis, amphoris, patellis,
Juvat famulas adire,
Sorde turpes & punire,
Brachia, crura vellicamus,
Cutes ungue variamus.

IV.

Domus nocte ſin profundâ
Scopis terſa, lauta, munda;
Non ancilla verrit gratis,
Habet præmium puritatis.
In ſandalio ſic merenti
Stipem linquimus argenti.

V.

Super tuber, quaſi menſam,
Mappam pandimus extenſam.

A Grain of Rye or Wheat
The Diet that we eat;
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

VI.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctious Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles ſtew'd,
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And Brains of Worms and Marrow of Mice
Do make a Feaſt that's wondrous nice.

VII.

The Graſshopper, Gnat and Fly
Serve for our Minſtrelſy,
Grace ſaid, we dance a-while,
And ſo the Time beguile;
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Gloworm lights us home to Bed.

VIII. O'

Sat ſuperque noſtro pani
Moles eſt unius grani:
Mentes hilarat liquore
Theca glandis plena rore.

VI.

Dein medulla mollicella
Murium, avium cerebella,
Inter teſtulas coquenda,
Dente facili terenda,
Superabunt carnem bovis,
Vel Ambroſiam ſummi Jovis.

VII.

Pulex, muſca amans aulæ,
Et cicada ſunt choraulæ,
Quarum dulcem ad camænam
Saltus agimus poſt cœnam,
Lunam tectam noctiluca
Supplet radiis domiduca.

VIII.

O'er Tops of dewy Graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the Morning may be ſeen,
Where we the Night before have been.

PILA ex nive coacta.

ME nive candenti petiit modo Julia; rebar
Igne carere nivem, ſed tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidius? noſtrum tamen urere pectus
Nix potuit manibus, Julia, miſſa tuis.
Quis locus inſidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concreta ſi latet ignis aqua?
Julia, ſola potes noſtras extinguere flammas,
Non nive, non glacie, ſed potes igne pari.

VIII.

Graciles tripudiamus,
Molle gramen nec curvamus:
Pede feſto quod calcatum,
Choris noctu conſecratum,
Spicâ vernat altiore ;
Lux cum redeat Auroræ.

The *SNOW-BALL.*

Julia, young Wanton, flung the gather'd Snow,
Nor fear'd I Burning from the watry Blow:
Tis cold, I cry'd; but ah! too ſoon I found,
Sent by that Hand it dealt a ſcorching Wound.
Reſiſtleſs Fair! we fly thy Pow'r in vain,
Who turn'ſt to fiery Darts the frozen Rain.
Burn, *Julia*, burn like me, and that Deſire
With Water which thou kindleſt, quench with Fire.

HORACE, ODE XVI. BOOK II.

To GROSPHUS.

I.

FOR gentle Eaſe and downy Sleep
To Heav'n the trembling Sailor bends,
When ſudden on th' *Ægean* Deep
The dreadful Hurricane deſcends.

II.

For Eaſe the warlike *Thracian* cries,
The *Mede* in graceful Armour bold;
O *Groſphus!* not the purchas'd Prize
Of Jewels, Purple, or of Gold.

III.

Not all that *Indian* Treaſures give,
Nor Guards and Honours of the Great,
Uneaſie Care away can drive,
That hovers o'er the ſtately Seat.

IV. The

IV.

The humble Swain may Quiet find,
Who, with clean Competency bleſt,
Has no vile Paſſion of the Mind
To ruffle his untainted Breaſt.

V.

With vain Purſuits why ſhould we waſte
A fleeting Life? why change our Sky?
Since, to what Climes ſoe'er we haſte,
We from our ſelves can never fly.

VI.

Care in the gilded Veſſel ſails,
And cloſely ſits the flying Steed;
Cou'd we aſcend the Eaſtern Gales,
This wou'd prevent our airy Speed.

VII.

The Mind with preſent Lot content,
And fir'd with no ambitious Views,

Receives with Smiles the Bleſſings lent,
And here for no Perfection ſues.

VIII.

In Youth was great *Achilles* ſlain;
Tithonus pin'd with long Decay;
To me the Gods may Favours deign,
For which you fruitleſs Incenſe pay.

IX.

A thouſand Heifers round you low,
And Flocks the verdant Proſpect hide;
While on your Back their Fleeces glow,
And warm you with a purple Pride.

X.

Me chearful, tho' with mean Eſtate,
The Muſe with Talents has endow'd,
And the propitious Hand of Fate
Has kindly rais'd above the Crowd.

A Letter to a Lady, with a Preſent of Turkey-Eggs.

Parta meæ Veneri ſunt munera——
—— decem miſi, cras altera mittam.

FAIR Virgin, this Epiſtle begs
Your kind Acceptance of theſe Eggs,
Which a majeſtick Hen has laid;
Than which a ſtatelier ne'er ſurvey'd
Or, where ſhe feeds, *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Or, whence ſhe ſprung, the fruitful *Nile.*
Were with your ſelf, the tuneful Nine,
On what I here preſent, to dine,
An Egg wou'd be the equal Share,
Of each immortal, ſmiling Fair.
What Preſents now ſalute your Hand,
Shall doubled be at your Command.
Nor, Madam, my Deſign miſtake;
Suppoſing I an Offer make

Of Viands I my ſelf refuſe,
And want the Taſte or Skill to uſe.
On theſe, when ſimply dreſt, I dine,
And never at my Stars repine.
Temper'd in Froize they pleaſe my Fancy,
Or in the verdant Hue of Tanſy.
Theſe copious in the Pudding put,
The Vicar claims a ſecond Cut.
Shou'd Plums and Sewet too conſpire,
No Monarch like the rural Squire:
The City Lord will gladly own
Their Virtues each returning Noon,
When Cuſtard trembles in his Spoon.
He'll ſmooth his Magiſterial Face,
And bleſs the Pow'rs that gave the Mace.
The May'reſs too, his honour'd Dame,
In Silence then confirms the ſame.

With

With theſe the yielding Dough improve,
The Lump will animated move.
(The Mountain heaves and labours ſo,
When huge *Typhæus* moves below)
Hence hearty, criſp, delicious Paſte
Will gratify the niceſt Taſte,
'Twill in Election Dainties flake,
Or raiſe for ſmiling Brides Plum-cake.
Our Souls revive, when we regale
In the ſweet balmy Draught Egg-Ale:
Tho' frequent Coughs our Veſſels ſtrain,
We for ſuch Phyſick thank the Pain,
And no Receipt can nobler find
Of all our Grannums left behind;
For this may Nought their Shades moleſt,
Nor call 'em from their gentle Reſt.
Theſe Praiſes often I reſume,
Brib'd by Sack-Poſſet's bleſt Perfume;

Where Eggs, Spice, Sugar, Wine and Crean
Blended in one Ambroſial Stream,
With lovely Harmony combine,
And make a Mixture ſo divine,
As repreſents the Nuptial State,
Which 'twas deſign'd to celebrate.
This Meſs, by Critics 'tis believ'd,
We from the Golden Age receiv'd;
Tho' others more exact infer
'Twas dated ſince the *Trojan* War.
Had *Homer* underſtood its uſe,
The Medly by the deathleſs Muſe
Had been with matchleſs Skill prepar'd,
And Deities the Treat had ſhar'd:
Great *Jove* had glorioufly beſmear'd
With Poſſet his majeſtic Beard.
You'll ſcarce a Compoſition name
Where I'll conclude an Egg to blame.

Nay ſmoking from the luke-warm Neſt,
Unmix'd by Art, by Flame undreſt,
It yields to me a generous Feaſt,
My Lips the golden Potion ſup,
With Pleaſure from the *China* Cup.
Delightful Boon of Nature's Hand,
Which while we Mortals can command,
'Twill ſtave off Hunger's fatal Pains,
And give new Pulſe to languid Veins!
This, when old *Rome* in Splendor fed,
Still with Applauſe the Banquet led.
New *Rome*, indulg'd this happy Chear,
May welcome Penance all the Year.
From this Preamble you'll attend
This Preſent in Reſpect I ſend:
Hence too theſe artleſs Lines You read,
With ſuch ſpontaneous Eaſe proceed.

For

For Kindneſs, glowing at the Heart,
Will Influence to the Head impart,
Which as in Limbeck heated flies,
And at the Roof for Vent applies,
By willing Tendency agen,
It thence diſtills into my Pen.

And were I with ſuch Talents bleſt
As once facetious *Greeks* poſſeſt,
I by ſurprizing Dint of Muſe
Wou'd curious Oval Forms produce;
Then as my Fancy Virtue brings,
I'd hatch them into folding Wings,
With rapid Speed the finiſh'd Pair
Shou'd fly a Preſent to the Fair.

But Nature frowns, and I in vain
For ſuch *Dædalean* Glories ſtrain;
The weak Conçeptions of my Noddle,
Wanting ſuch ripening Force, prove Addle.

Yet

Yet, tho' from native Stock within
My Genius can't ſuch Wonders ſpin,
It can (which in my partial Eyes
Will next in Weight and Value riſe)
Shew, how theſe Tokens You receive
May cloath'd in real Feathers live:
And tho' your Knowledge mine excel,
Let me the pleaſing Scene reveal:
Nor wonder, while of Wings I write,
The Muſe attempts a nobler Flight.

With Safety at Your tender Hand
Whene'er theſe unborn Orphans land,
A gentle Step-Mother provide,
That ſhall with eager Fondneſs hide,
And cheriſh this adopted Brood,
As true Deſcendants of her Blood.
While hers, for our Luxurious Guſt,
Perhaps now ſwell the brittle Cruſt,

Or

Or are unpity'd chopt or beat,
Or ſimmer o'er the raging Heat.
A kinder Heat her Limbs diſpenſe,
Which with reviving Influence
Awakens, not deſtroys, the Senſe,
Like what we feel from *Titan*'s Rays,
Or what your lovely Smile conveys.
She'll cloſely ſit the live-long Day,
And never from her Embryos ſtray;
She'll brood unwearied o'er her Neſt,
Scarce granting Time for Food or Reſt.
Not Poets, who in Raptures dwell
In their aerial Citadel,
Can cloſer to their Labours keep,
With thinner Diet, or leſs Sleep,
While to produce they fondly try
An Iſſue that may reach the Sky.

She often turns with curious Art
The pregnant Shell, and to each Part
Virtue in juſt Proportion gives
'Till the fermented Jelly lives.

Thus *Phidias* with attentive Eyes
The Chiſſel round and round applies,
While Limbs and Features he beſtows,
And Paſſion on the Marble throws,
Beauty attends the forming Steel,
And Statues all — but breathe and feel;
But Senſe is wanting to the Stone,
Tho' *Venus* ſmile, or *Pallas* frown.

The Hen, with more ſurprizing Skill,
Can to her Labours Senſe inſtill,
She can infuſe *Promethean* Flames,
And quicken what with Care ſhe frames.

Ye Sceptics, who preſume to teach
That Truth ſtill lies in Reaſon's Reach,

Who

Who ſeldom pray, and often feed,
And from your Senſes take your Creed;
Tell me, how ſhe the Maſs inſpires,
And kindles up the Vital Fires?
How, warm'd by her indulgent Love,
Each *Chaos* will to Beauty move?
How Balls like theſe with Vigor riſe,
And feather'd Yolks aſcend the Skies?
Or, what's as ſtrange, inform me, how
Theſe Riddles from my Fancy flow?
Reſolve theſe Queries of the Brain,
And in Return That ſhall explain,
How from the Mighty *Fiat* came
This great, ſtupendous, finiſh'd Frame.
But what this vain, aſſuming Race,
With equal Modeſty and Grace,
Grants or denies, we need not mind;
You'll, ere one Moon compleated, find

That, after ſome inteſtine Throws,
The Caſe a Cranny will diſcloſe,
Which will admit the chearful Ray,
And bleſs the callow Young with Day.
For when Dame Nature loudly knocks,
The Tenant ſoon the Door unlocks.
Here, Nymph, in decent Silence ſtand,
And in the Draught admire the Hand;
Admire, and in your Thoughts adore,
But wiſe pretend to nothing more:
Theſe are the Glories of the Mind
When Reaſon can't the Bottom find.
And if in this neglected Shell
Such Wonders human Graſp excel,
When Nature's potent Lord ſhall call,
And Thunder wakes the dormant Ball,
What hinders to conceive the Urn
Your Duſt to Beauty may return.

The Nurſe, with true parental Care,
Will ſcreen 'em from the chilling Air,
Now pick up, then remit the Meat,
And teach her Infant-Charge to eat;
O Nymph, ſhou'd you by Heav'n be led
A ſecond to the Bridal Bed,
And Pledges of a former Love
Beneath your Juriſdiction move;
Like this let your Affections yearn,
And in the Hen the Mother learn.
Thus fed and cheriſh'd, ere the Sun
Has half his annual Circle run,
The Birds will gayly ſtrut in ſtate,
And gobling for your Favours wait,
Their Train in pompous Arch diſplay,
And rival Glories with the Day.
Extended Pinions ſweep the Ground,
And waft a pleaſing dreadful Sound,

While Paſſion lively is expreſt
In ruby Pendants o'er the Breaſt,
And Head inflam'd with ſcarlet Creſt.
From each proud Step faint Thunder flows,
Each angry Look with Light'ning glows;
Their Colour, Majeſty and Size
Peacocks will view with envious Eyes.
And when, alas! their ſtreaming Life
With Purple ſtains the pointed Knife,
Of all the num'rous feather'd Kind
Which here their humble Manſion find,
Or with exalted Pinion ſoar,
Or skim the Flood with pliant Oar,
None entertain with nicer Meat,
Or yield a more ſubſtantial Treat.
O! wou'd my Stars in any State,
Where-e'er my Lot, whate'er my Fate,

Some Turkies and a Mully grant,
And *Ceres* to ſupply my Want;
And add to my expecting Arms
A Part'ner but with half your Charms,
That may with Elegance prepare,
And Reliſh give to wholeſome Fare!
Content with this, I'd ask no more,
I never, never ſhou'd be poor.
In Friendſhip, Liberty, and Eaſe
Strict Virtue ſhou'd my Bliſs increaſe,
While Providence in Nature's Dreſs
I trace, and for its Bounty bleſs,
And ſometimes, ſporting with the Muſe,
Such inoffenſive Numbers uſe.
Thus ſweetly ſtealing to the Grave,
I'd envy no ſucceſsful Knave,
Who, by ſome vile Contrivance great,
To Plunder owes his gilded State.

To AURELIA.

THE Spring, the pleaſant Spring is blown,
Let us leave the ſmoky Town;
From the *Mall*, and from the *Ring*,
Ev'ry one has taken Wing;
Cloe, *Strephon*, *Corydon*,
All are fled, and all are gone.
What is left you worth your Stay?
Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

Come, *Aurelia*, come and ſee
What a Seat I have for thee;
But the Seat you cannot ſee,
'Tis ſo hid with Jeſſamy,
With the Vine that o'er the Walls,
And in ev'ry Window crawls;

So that I think you'd pauſe an Hour
Whether 'twere an Houſe or Bow'r;
Let us there be blith and gay!
Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

Come with all thy ſweeteſt Wiles,
With thy Graces and thy Smiles;
Come, and we will merry be,
Who ſhall be ſo bleſt as we?
We will frolick all the Day,
Ay; we will be wondrous gay,
Harming no one in our Play;
No matter what the People ſay,
Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

POETS, all Amorous.

THE Muſes, nine brave ſpightly Laſſes,
Joint-Heireſſes of Mount-*Parnaſſus*,
(However ſtrange!) have kept their Hearts
All ſafe and ſound from *Cupid*'s Darts;
Spight of the little ſly Deceiver,
They ſtill are Maids as good as ever.
Oft the unlucky Urchin ſtrove
To catch them in the Toils of Love;
Hardly a Moment ever ſcaping,
Without a Wile to take 'em napping.
Freely whene'er they met to dine,
And take a cheerful glaſs of Wine,
By ſlight of hand he wou'd infuſe
Love-Powder in the gen'rous Juice,
And then; if any chanc'd to ſtray,
The Rogue wou'd inſtantly convey
Some handſome Shepherd in her Way.

But vain were all his Tricks and Snares,
His Craft was great, and ſo was theirs:
How cloſe ſoe'er he watch'd their Waters,
Their Heads were full of other matters.
Well then, ſays *Cupid*, be it ſo;
Yet my Revenge the Jilts ſhall know,
I'll ſpoil their chiming Trade below;
All their Adorers I'll inſpire
With other than Poetic Fire;
More ſhall of *Chloe* ſing and *Phillis*,
Than of *Æneas* and *Achilles*:
'Midſt their high Strains and Songs divine,
In am'rous Ditty they ſhall whine:
Anacreon — He ſhall all be mine.
Hence 'tis that Poets always prove
Slaves to the Tyranny of Love.
Horace ſpent all his gentle Hours
In Aſſignations and Amours;

And

And when thro' fifty Years he went ye,
He liv'd and lov'd like one of twenty.
Ovid, if we himſelf believe,
Was the moſt am'rous Rogue alive:
And, tho' we hear not one Word ſaid
Of any Miſtreſs *Virgil* had,
Yet how could he ſo well have written
Of Love, if he had ne'er been ſmitten?
And if Intrigues he had not try'd too,
He'd ne'er contriv'd ſo well for *Dido*.

Our Moderns too, each puny Son
That drinks the Dregs of *Helicon*,
All underneath this Sentence bow,
And feel th' Effects of *Cupid*'s Vow.
Tho' ſparing now the Muſe inſpire,
Love ſtill is liberal of his Fire.

The DELUGE, *out of* OVID.

Protinus Æoliis, &c.

THE North, and ev'ry Cloud-diſperſing Wind
In the *Æolian* Caverns *Jove* confin'd;
And loos'd the South, the wat'ry South, that brings
Night in his Look, and Tempeſts on his Wings.
His big ſwoln Beard o'erwhelming Show'rs con-
[tain'd,
Storms threaten'd on his Brow, and from his Locks
[it rain'd;
Cruſh'd by his ample Palms the Clouds o'erflow
In ratling Tempeſts on the World below,
Whilſt various *Iris* joins her ready Aid,
(Her Storms collected, and her Bow diſplay'd)
Low lie the Fruits, o'erthrown upon the Plain,
The ripen'd Herbage and the ſwelling Grain:
The Farmer ſighing views his Hopes all croſs'd,
The Year's long Labour in a moment loſt.

Be-

Beſides the wat'ry Treaſures of the Skies,
His Brother's Forces angry *Jove* employs.
Summon'd, the River Gods from far and near,
Their Monarch's dread Commands with Silence hear.
Inſtant (all this a juſt Occaſion claims)
Pour from your Urns, pour copious all your Streams,
All Banks, all Letts, all Obſtacles remove,
At large let all your Floods unbridled rove.
He ſaid: they haſte, their Fountains all ſet free
Ruſh in impetuous Torrents to the Sea.
Then with his pond'rous Mace he ſtruck the Earth,
Broke up her hidden Springs, and gave a Deluge Birth.
The conqu'ring Floods wide-waſting now become
To Man and Beaſt, Death, Burial, and a Tomb;
All Nature's cover'd in one common Grave,
Nor Temples Gods, nor Gods their Temples ſave.
Strong, lofty Domes that undeſtroy'd abide,
Are loſt, ſurmounted in the whelming Tide;
Their Turrets higheſt Height the Surges hide.

Now one Reſemblance Earth and Ocean bore,
All was a Sea, a Sea without a Shore.
One to the Hills, one to his Pinnace flies,
And where he lately plow'd, his Oars he plies.
The reeling Ship another vainly bore,
O'er his drown'd Corn, and *Villa* now no more.
Thoſe Tow'rs of Oak o'er Woods and Vineyards flew,
Or ride at Anchor, where they lately grew.
The frighted Mermaids ſtand amaz'd to ſee
Cities and Groves a Landskip in the Sea.
Tygers and Wolves, with their unheeded Prey,
The more rapacious Deluge bore away.
In vain with Tusks the Boar was arm'd for Fight,
In vain the ſwimming Stag made ſwift for Flight.
The troubled Fowl flew circling long, 'till tir'd
Flutt'ring they fell, and in the Flood expir'd.
The ſmall Remains of wretched Men, preſerv'd
From drowning with the Crowd, at length were ſtarv'd.

Now

Now Waves, like Curtains o'er the Tragic Scene,
Were ſpread, nor could the Mountains' Tops be ſeen.
Parnaſſus only ſtill unconquer'd ſtood,
Whoſe lofty double Front defy'd the Flood,
In fruitful *Phocis*, *Phocis* now defac'd,
No longer fruitful, but a wat'ry Waſte;
In a ſmall Bark *Deucalion* here arriv'd,
His Spouſe and He, who all the World ſurviv'd:
In Him alone unſpotted Virtue ſhin'd,
Juſt were his Actions, and devout his Mind.
And ſhe the only good of all her Kind.
Arriving here, ſtrait to the Pow'rs Divine,
Preſiding o'er the Hill, in Pray'r they joyn,
To antient *Themis*, and the ſacred Nine.
Jove, as he thus beheld the hapleſs Pair,
Forward to ask, and meriting his Care,
Saw theſe of human-kind the only Heirs,
And widow'd Nature floating in her Tears;

Order'd

Order'd the North to blow, the Clouds to clear,
And Earth to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth appear.
And *Neptune* bid the roaring Waves aſſwage,
Threw by his Trident, and they dropt their Rage.
Calling *cærulean Triton*, as he ſtood
Enclos'd in ſhining Scales above the Flood,
The well-known Signal of Retreat to make,
His hollow ſounding Shell he bids him take,
His twiſted Shell which ſtill in Windings grows,
And wider from the Mouth and wider ſhows.
This, by the God inſpir'd with vocal Air,
From Pole to Pole the diſtant Regions hear;
And all the Waters of the Sea and Land
With inſtant Speed obey the dread Command.
The Ocean ſeeks his Bounds, the Streams ſubſide,
And calm within their wonted Chambers glide.
Aloft their frighted Heads the Mountains rear,
The guilty Waters ſhrink and diſappear.

The

e naked tops of Trees, deform'd with Mud,
ing diſplay the Relicks of the Flood.
us was the World reſtor'd ——

---

a Friend in the Country, who complain'd of his Condition, and admir'd High Spirits in Low Fortunes.

I.

THIS would be ſtill my Wiſh, could I
Such bitter Curſe allow,
Let thoſe I hate have Spirits high,
With Fortunes that are low.

II.

But ſurely when we vapour moſt,
If angry Fortune frown;
She'll pull, in ſpight of all our Boaſt,
Our lofty Spirits down.

III. Ev'n

III.

Ev'n I—but I can laugh and ſing,
Tho' fetter'd and confin'd;
My Mind I may to Fortune bring,
Not Fortune to my Mind.

IV.

How ſeldom is our Good enjoy'd,
Our Ill how hardly born,
When all our Fancies are employ'd
To kick againſt the Thorn!

V.

A lowly Heart and little Eye
Kind Heav'n on me beſtow;
Let thoſe I hate have Spririts high,
With Fortunes that are low.

VI.

Theſe Maxims ſage and dry, you'll ſay,
Theſe rigid moral Rules,

Take our ſuperior Senſe away,
And ſink us into Fools.

VII.

Whoe'er can Eaſe by Folly get,
With Juſtice may deſpiſe
The thoughtful unenjoying Wit,
The miſerable wiſe.

VIII.

But ſure our ſelves aright to ſee,
True Wiſdom well may bear:
'Tis nobly great to dare to be
No greater than we are.

IX.

Think not I envy Courts and Kings,
Or peeviſh hate Mankind;
Think not this Declaration ſprings
From Meanneſs of my Mind.

X. Ev'n

X.

Ev'n I perhaps, if Heav'n would deign
High Place on me to ſhow'r,
As well as any Lord might reign,
As equal to my Pow'r.

XI.

My Mind with Weight of Buſineſs charg'd,
Of Courſe would bigger grow:
As Rivers length'ning when enlarg'd
Enlarge their Channels too.

XII.

'Till then, a lowly Heart and Eye
Kind Heav'n on me beſtow.
Let thoſe I hate have Spirits high,
With Fortunes that are low.

On the Death of ABEL ROPER *and* GEORGE RIDPATH, *Authors of the* Poſt-Boy *and* Flying-Poſt: *who dyed both on the ſame Day.*

ROPER and *Ridpath* both at once, we read
In the ſame ſelf-ſame Paragraph, are dead!
No longer each, his Party to amuſe,
For Infant Whiſpers hunts, and early News:
No more, as Whig or Tory moſt prevails,
Repines, or triumphs; or commends, or rails;
With Politicks profound no longer vexes,
No longer curious Innocents perplexes.
But weary'd both and ſpent, with fruitleſs Jar,
To others leave th' Hereditary War.
Lye they, where-e'er they lye, at laſt in Peace;
Where-e'er they lye, their Epitaph be this;
Roper and Ridpath, long to Fame well known,
Were Twain when living, but in Death are One.

MELISSA.

HANC, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, eli
Mensæque consortem & tori;
Bene moribus morata, quæ formâ placet,
Nec dote dotatur nimis.
Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,
Se fingere & refingere;
Vultumve curiosa sumit artifex
Ab hac, ab illâ Pyxide.
Nec dislocandis & locandis crinibus,
Quos iterum & iterum dislocet,
Absumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam
Deciesque figens & movens.
Nec exuendis induendis vestibus,
Diversa ter, ter discolor,
Jubar evehit cùm Phœbus, & cùm devehit,
Mutatur & mutabitur.

M E L I S S A.

IF, Friend, a Wife you mean to wed,
Worthy of your Board and Bed,
That ſhe be virtuous be your Care,
Not too rich, and not too fair:
One who nor labours to diſplay
New Complexions ev'ry Day,
Nor ſtudying artificial Grace
Out of Boxes culls a Face.
Nor live-long Hours for dreſſing ſpares,
Placing to diſplace her Hairs,
And ſtrait replace, an idle Pin
Ten times ſhifting out and in.
Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
Thrice her Silks, and Colours thrice.
Fond o'er and o'er her Suits to range,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill to change.

Nec viſitando pultat has & has fores,
Ut portet importunum Ave,
Meam inquietans & tuam viciniam
Ineptiis & otio.
Si fortè ſpectatrix Theatris intereſt,
(Et intereſt rariſſima)
Illiberales neſcit infacetias,
Et non verecundos ſales
Audire patiens; omnis immodeſtiæ
Peroſa turpitudinem;
Senſûſque dubii & involuti ambagibus
Impura nauſeat abdita.
Nec initiatur myſticis congreſſibus,
Noctiſque cæremoniis,
Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,
Laſciviat ut audentior.
Nec, invenuſtis ut fritillis increpet,
Et aleis impalleat,

Tene-

Nor gads to pay, with buſy Air,
  Trifling Viſits here and there;
Long rapping at each Door aloud,
  Nuiſance to a Neighbourhood.
If e'er a Play ſhe deign to ſee
  (Very rarely ſhall it be)
She likes not Wit in Lewdneſs ſhown,
  Jeſt ill-manner'd for a Clown;
But hears, with Ignorance or Rage,
  Double Meanings of the Stage.
Her ſpotleſs Mind, the luſtful Tale
  Nauſeates in the niceſt Veil.
She ne'er is found in Crowds unclean
  Entred Myſteries obſcene,
Nor ſeeks in Mask and antick Dreſs
  Unconfin'd Laſciviouſneſs.
Nor pale, and angry, gaming high
  Rattles the unlucky Die,

Tenebras ad uſque ſolis ortum vigiliis,
Lucemque dat ſoporibus ;
Dulces diei & noctis invertens vices,
Rataſque leges temporum.
Properantis ævi circulum Nympha expleat
Has inter elegantias,
Prætermeare quæ fugam vitæ ſinit,
Brevemque ſummam negligit.
Quos ire & interire permittunt dies
Indiligens, incogitans
Vulgus puellarum, Meliſſa computat
Feliciore calculo.
Tuas in ædes nuptiali cum face,
Et cum Meliſſâ conjuge,
Intrare pronubas videbis Gratias,
Sacrumque Virtutum chorum.
Sine arte compta, & elegans ſine tædio,
Aderit Venuſtas ; & Salus

'Till Sun-riſe reſtleſs Vigils keeps,
Light conſuming in her Sleeps.
Inverting Nature, turns with Play
Day to Night, and Night to Day.
This Round of Follies let her chuſe
Flitting Life who likes to loſe,
And lets her quickly-ending Days
Paſs, and periſh as they paſs.
The Time that vulgar Maids deſpiſe,
Careleſs, thoughtleſs how it flies,
Meliſſa wiſe, eſteems, and knows
Well to uſe it ere it goes.
If e'er *Meliſſa* wed my Friend,
With her entring ſhall attend
Virtues and Graces by her ſide,
Bride-maids fit for ſuch a Bride;
Neat Beauty without Art diſplay'd,
Roſy Health with native red;

Suo rubore roseâ; & Innocentiâ
Cadente purior nive;
Aderit Amor, Risus, Voluptas, Gaudium,
Et litium fugax Quies;
Aderit labella comprimens Taciturnitas,
Et fœderis servans Fides;
Et omnis eventûs memor Prudentia,
Diveſque rerum Induſtria.
Accedet his virtutibus pia Humilitas,
Nunquam immemor Dei aut ſui;
Regina Gratiarum aderit Humanitas,
Perferre facilis & pati,
Humana ſi natura quid deliquerit,
Aut caverit ſiquid parùm;
Calumniantium ſuſurros improbans,
Pauciſque notam infamiam;
Memor, invidi rumoris ut malignitas
Inimicat urbes & domos.

With her bright Innocence ſhall go,
Purer than the falling Snow;
Quiet that far from quarrels flies;
Mirth and Pleaſure, Love and Joys;
Firm Faith that plighted Promiſe keeps,
Silence watching o'er her Lips;
Prudence that ponders all Events,
Wealth-increaſing Diligence.
Religion, mindful what is ow'd
To herſelf and to her God.
Patient to bear to pardon free,
Lovelieſt Grace! Humanity;
If erring Nature chance to fail,
Feeble, inadvertent, frail.
Who hates low-whiſper'd ſpight conceal'd,
Scandal yet to few reveal'd;
Since Envy makes with rumour'd Lies
Friends and Brethren Enemies.

Good

Famulabitur caſtum intuens Modeſtia,
Et docta cultu Urbanitas;
Et advenis præſens domi Hoſpitalitas,
Aperta vultus & manum.
His cum ſodalibus Meliſſa Gratiis
Ducetur ad tuam domum,
Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut lætabile eſt,
Et vera tecum particeps:
Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,
Et conſulendo temperet;
Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,
Et quæ novis addat novas.
Irrupta copula hiſce continebitur,
His vinculis firmabitur,
Validis ab annis ad ſenectam, ſi tuæ
Meliſſa ſit vitæ comes;
Quam, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige
Menſæque conſortem & tori.

Good-Breeding ſhall her Handmaid be,
Join'd with chaſt-look'd Modeſty;
While open Heart, and Hand and Face
Hoſpitality diſplays.
If e'er *Meliſſa* grace your Home,
Theſe Attendants with her come.
Whate'er can good or ill befall
Faithful Partner ſhe of all.
Whoſe Wiſdom teaching well to bear,
Sooths the Bitterneſs of Care.
Whoſe Joy, if proſp'rous Fate you meet,
Adds new Sweetneſs to the Sweet.
Theſe Ties will nuptial Love engage,
Down from Youth to hoary Age,
If e'er *Meliſſa*, lovely Spouſe!
Life's Companion! crown your Vows.
Such, ſuch a Conſort chuſe to wed,
Worthy of your Board and Bed.

The FOOL.

IF you mind but the Moral my Tale does unfold,
Tho' the Story be antient, 'twill never be old.
With the Wiſe and the Good Jeſt will do you no [hurt,
But the Fool or the Knave makes you pay for your [Sport.
In the merry brave Days of the glorious Queen
When your Men of much Senſe fear'd not thoſe that [*Beſs*,
'Twas the Cuſtom of Courtiers to keep a poor Fellow, [had leſs:
Who ſhould joke by Commiſſion in Red, Green and [Yellow;
Who for one thing or other did moſt People fit,
Some were pleas'd with the Garb, and ſome laugh'd [at the Wit.
A Noble puff'd up, with his Pockets well ſtor'd,
Not as *Walſingham* wiſe, but as fine as a Lord,
Made a Viſit, bedawb'd with Embroidery all,
Where a Fool was unluckily ſate in the Hall.
Not the Rainbow when brighteſt more gorgious [could ſhow,
Nor a Belle on a Birthnight, nor Bridegroom a Beau.

Welcome

Welcome Brother, cries *Motley*, I ſee by the Hue
Of your Cloaths what you are; Pray, Sir, whoſe
[Fool are you?
To this anſwer'd my Lord, in a peſtilent Fume,
See him puniſh'd before I ſtir out of the Room;
I wonder you'll keep theſe pied Raſcals, I hate 'em,
'Tis meer *Scandalum* this, I can tell you, *Magnatum*.
So the Maſter his Orders was fain to diſpatch,
The poor Knave ſhould be whipp'd at the Buttery-
[Hatch.
Execution was done; and he back was convey'd
On his Knees to beg Pardon for what he had ſaid.
So with ſhrugging his Shoulders, and Tears in his
[Eyes,
Streight down on his Marrow-Bones falling, he cries:
I'll ne'er call you Fool more, but Lord *Cecil*, I trow,
Would have ſcarce had me whipp'd for the calling
[Him ſo!

GRON

GRONGAR *HILL.*

SILENT Nymph, with curious Eye!
Who, the purple Ev'ning, lye
On the Mountain's lonely Van,
Beyond the Noiſe of buſy Man,
Painting fair the form of Things,
While the yellow Linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful Nightingale
Charms the Foreſt with her Tale;
Come with all thy various Hues,
Come, and aid thy Siſter Muſe;
Now while *Phœbus* riding high
Gives Luſtre to the Land and Sky!
Grongar Hill invites my Song,
Draw the Landskip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe Moſſie Cells
Sweetly-muſing Quiet dwells:

Gronger, in whoſe ſilent Shade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the Even ſtill,
At the Fountain of a Rill,
Sate upon a flow'ry Bed,
With my Hand beneath my Head;
And ſtray'd my Eyes o'er *Towy*'s Flood,
Over Mead, and over Wood,
From Houſe to Houſe, from Hill to Hill,
'Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd Sides I wind,
And leave his Brooks and Meads behind,
And Groves, and Grottoes where I lay,
And Viſtoes ſhooting Beams of Day:
Wider and wider ſpreads the Vale;
As Circles on a ſmooth Canal:
The Mountains round, unhappy Fate,
Sooner or later, of all Height!

Withdraw their Summits from the Skies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the Proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand Woods and Meads,
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen Hill.

Now, I gain the Mountain's Brow,
What a Landskip lies below!
No Clouds, no Vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open Scene
Does the Face of Nature ſhow,
In all the Hues of Heaven's Bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the Light,
Spreads around beyond the Sight.

Old Caſtles on the Cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the Skies!
Ruſhing from the Woods, the Spires
Seem from hence aſcending Fires!

Half his Beams *Apollo* ſheds,
On the yellow Mountain-Heads!
Gilds the Fleeces of the Flocks;
And glitters on the broken Rocks!
Below me Trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various Dies:
The gloomy Pine, the Poplar blue,
The yellow Beech, the ſable Yew,
The ſlender Fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy Oak with broad-ſpread Boughs.
And beyond the purple Grove,
Haunt of *Phillis*, Queen of Love!
Gawdy as the op'ning Dawn,
Lies a long and level Lawn,
On which a dark Hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring Eye!
Deep are his Feet in *Towy*'s Flood,
His Sides are cloath'd with waving Wood,

And

And antient Towers crown his Brow,
That caſt an awful Look below;
Whoſe ragged Walls the Ivy creeps,
And with her Arms from falling keeps;
So both a Safety from the Wind
On mutual Dependance find.

'Tis now the Raven's bleak Abode;
'Tis now th' Apartment of the Toad;
And there the Fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the pois'nous Adder breeds,
Conceal'd in Ruins, Moſs and Weeds:
While, ever and anon, there falls,
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd Walls.
Yet Time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty Brow,
Has ſeen this broken Pile compleat,
Big with the Vanity of State;
But tranſient is the Smile of Fate!

A little Rule, a little Sway,
A Sun-beam in a Winter's Day
Is all the Proud and Mighty have,
Between the Cradle and the Grave.
And ſee the Rivers how they run,
Thro' Woods and Meads, in Shade and Sun,
Sometimes ſwift, and ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding Wave they go
A various Journey to the Deep,
Like human Life to endleſs Sleep!
Thus is Nature's Veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring Thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our Cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the Landskip tire the View!
The Fountain's Fall, the River's Flow,
The woody Vallies, warm and low;

The windy Summit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the Sky!
The pleaſent Seat, the ruin'd Tow'r,
The naked Rock, the ſhady Bow'r;
The Town and Village, Dome and Farm,
Each give each a double Charm,
As Pearls upon an *Æthiop*'s Arm.

See on the Mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the Proſpect opens wide,
Where the Ev'ning gilds the Tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the Hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of Meadows croſs the Eye!
A Step methinks may paſs the Stream,
So little diſtant Dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the Future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding Glaſs;
As yon Summits ſoft and fair,
Clad in Colours of the Air,

Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, and brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread tir'd the same coarse Way.
The Present's still a cloudy Day.

O may I with my self agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble Shade,
My Passions tam'd, my Wishes laid;
For while our Wishes wildly roll,
We banish Quiet from the Soul:
'Tis thus the Busy beat the Air;
And Misers gather Wealth and Care.

Now, ev'n now, my Joy runs high,
As on the Mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton *Zephir* sings,
And in the Vale perfumes his Wings;
While the Waters murmur deep;
While the Shepherd charms his Sheep;

While the Birds unbounded fly,
And with Muſick fill the Sky.
Now, ev'n now, my Joy runs high.
Be full, ye Courts, be great who will;
Open wide the lofty Door,
Seek her on the marble Floor,
In vain ye ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the Domes of Care!
Graſs and Flowers Quiet treads,
On the Meads, and Mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's Side;
And often, by the murm'ring Rill,
Hears the Thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the Groves of *Grongar Hill*.

To a Gentleman whoſe Father was lately dead.

In Imitation of, *Quis deſiderio ſit pudor*, &c.

I.

WHat decent Time ſhall ſtay our Tears?
What Bounds ſhall our juſt Sorrow know?
Since Fate, relentleſs to our Pray'rs,
Has giv'n th' irrevocable Blow!

II.

Ye Muſes, ſtrike the ſounding String,
In plaintive Strains his Loſs deplore;
And teach an artleſs Voice to ſing
The Great, the Bounteous, now no more!

III.

For Him the Wiſe and Good ſhall mourn,
While late Records his Fame declare;
And oft as rolling Years return,
Shall pay his Tomb a grateful Tear.

IV. Ah!

IV.

Ah! what avail their Plaints to thee?
Ah! what avails his Fame declar'd?
Thou moan'ſt alas! the juſt Decree,
Whence Virtue meets its full Reward.

V.

Tho' ſweeter Sounds adorn'd thy Tongue
Than *Thracian Orpheus* ever play'd;
When, liſt'ning to the moving Song,
Each Tree bow'd down its leafy Head:

VI.

Never, ah! never from the Gloom
Of unrelenting *Pluto*'s Sway,
Recall'd, could the thin Shade reſume
Its ancient Tenement of Clay.

VII.

Indulgent Patience! Heav'n-born Gueſt!
Thy healing Wings around diſplay;

Thou

Thou gently calm'ſt the ſtormy Breaſt,
And driv'ſt the Tyrant Grief away.

VIII.

Corroding Care, and eating Pain
By juſt Degrees thy Influence own;
And lovely, laſting Peace again
Reſumes her long-deſerted Throne.

DAMON *and* CELIA.

I.

WHere a fair Mead its Verdure ſpread,
Damon, a Swain, did *Celia* woo;
Never was ſeen, or Mead on Green,
A Nymph more fair, or Swain more true.

II.

In humble Strain he told his Pain,
And ſu'd as faithful Lovers ſue;

The

The humbler He, the loftier She;
For She was fair, and He was true.

III.

Beauty, he cry'd, is ſhort-liv'd Pride,
The Wonder of a Year or two;
In vain he tries to moralize;
She ſtill is fair, and He is true.

IV.

The Muſe's Aid he gently pray'd;
What may not Love and Verſe ſubdue?
Nor Verſe, nor Love, her Heart can move;
She ſtill is fair, and He is true.

V.

The Pink, the Roſe, for her he choſe,
Narciſſus white, and Violet blue;
Unheeded lie their Sweets, and die;
For She was fair, and He was true.

VI.

Be thine, he ſaid, as nigh they play'd,
Theſe my twin Lambkins, with their Ewe;
She look'd, that Look her Meaning ſpoke:
For She was fair, and He was true.

VII.

Muſt no Regard his Love reward?
To Conſtancy is nothing due?
Nor Thought, nor Care, be ſhe but fair,
Has *Celia*, be he falſe or true.

VIII.

With ſilent Tide, the Years they glide,
Thy Glories, *Celia*, now are few;
When thoſe are paſt, his Love ſhall laſt:
And ſhall not He be counted true?

IX.

When they're decay'd, the Ruins made
He with a tender Eye ſhall view,

With gen'rous Eye that Loſs ſupply;
And ſhall not He be counted true?

X.

What once thou wert, his faithful Heart
In blooming Likeneſs ſhall renew;
He ſtill ſhall there record you fair:
And ſhall not He be counted true?

XI.

When in his Breaſt thy Charms expreſt
Shall ſtill their Virgin Luſtre ſhew;
Know, *Celia*, know to whom you owe
Thoſe Charms, and own that He is true.

EPIGRAM from the Greek.

IF Youth and Beauty fade, my Dear,
Impart 'em wiſely while you may:
If ſtill they laſt; why ſhould you fear
To give what None can give away?

On

On the young LIONS *whelp'd in the* Tower.

WHilſt, at ſuch Diſtance from their Native Lands,
From Southern Climes, and hot *Getulia's* Sands,
The captive Lions join in Love's Embrace,
And propagate with us their tawny Race;
We greet the Prodigy before unknown,
And claim the Royal Species for our own.
In this fair Omen let *Britannia* ſee
The Pledge of Rule, and deſtin'd Victory;
And while ſhe meditates her dread Alarms,
And fartheſt *India* trembles at her Arms;
Let her triumphant Navies, on the Main,
From Sun to Sun aſſert her antient Reign,
And check the *Auſtrian* Pride, and humble haughty *Spain*.

A WEDDING-SONG.

Ut ameris, amabilis eſto.

I.

SEE the ſpringing Day from far
Uſher'd by the Morning-ſtar!
Hear the Lark, with upward Wing
Meeting Dawn her Carol ſing!
See the Sun in Eaſtern Skies
Joyous as a Bridegroom riſe!
Wake, my Dear, and come away,
Smiling greet the happy Day,
Ne'er was yet thy lovely Breaſt
Cold or ſlow to my Requeſt;
Now begin not to delay,
Dear, awake, and come away:
Join thy plighted Hands, and join
Firſt thine Oraiſons with mine.

Show'r

Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love.

II.

If e'er thy forming Hand has giv'n
Woman, lateſt Work of Heav'n,
With ſocial dear, domeſtick Joys
Height'ning lonely Paradiſe;
If e'er thy kind paternal Care
Join'd and bleſt the wedded Pair,
In ſpotleſs Bonds, ordain'd to be
Emblems of thy Church and Thee;
If e'er thy mightier Love decreed
Life from *Jeſu*, Woman's Seed,
The Loſs of *Eden* to retrieve,
Sprung from *Mary*, Second *Eve*;

If

If e'er thy Word has endleſs Reſt
Shadow'd by the Nuptial Feaſt.
Heav'n our laſt Wiſh and fartheſt Aim,
Myſtick Marriage of the Lamb!
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

III.

Quit not thine *Olympic* Snows,
Juno, guarding Marriage Vows.
Venus, ſleep in *Ida*'s Grove,
Laughing Sea-born Queen of Love!
Cupid baniſh'd hence away,
Idle *Cupid*, with her ſtay.
Here nor *Hymen* ſhall preſide
Claſp'd in Mantle Saffron-dy'd,

Wanton Graces dance, nor Hours
Scatter Odours, Leaves and Flowers,
Twiſt the blooming Wreath, nor ſpread
Roſe and Myrtle where we tread.
All unfeign'd and real be
Truth tranſcending Poetry.
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

IV.

Ye Virgins haſte, my Bride prepare,
Dreſs be now the Dear-one's Care.
Well-ſuited, unaffected, free,
Worthy Her and worthy Me.
Nor poorly mean, nor coſtly vain,
Neat, and elegant, and plain.

Her Ornaments are Toys no more;
Love's engaging chymick Pow'r,
Like *Midas* fabled King of old,
Touches all things into Gold.
The Fair that unadorn'd can pleaſe
Shines yet lovelier in her Dreſs;
Still wiſely careful to remove,
Slighteſt Hindrances of Love.
For nought that Love concerns is ſmall
All's important, ſolemn all.
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

V.

Ope the hoſpitable Gate,
Ope for Friendſhip, not for State.
Friends well-choſen enter here,
Equal, affable, ſincere.

Cheap-bought Plenty, artleſs Store,
Feed the Rich, and fill the Poor;
Converſe chear the ſprightly Gueſt,
Cordial Welcome crown the Feaſt;
Eaſy Wit with Candour fraught,
Laughter genuine and unſought;
Jeſt from double Meaning free,
Blameleſs harmleſs Jollity,
Mirth that no repenting Gloom
Treaſures for our Years to come.
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

VI.

May ſocial Life, ſo well begun,
Glide with equal Tenour on.
May timely Fruit our Bliſs improve,
Children deareſt Bonds of Love;

The darling Boy, the Daughter fair.
Objects of delightful Care;
Rejoic'd while oft the Babes we ſee
Sportive claſp their Mother's Knee:
And oft from liſping Prattle find
Reaſon op'ning in the Mind;
While ſoothing Hopes our Hearts preſage,
Pleaſures of our middle Age!
'Till rightly taught, the riſing Brood,
Healthy, happy, wiſe and good,
Fulfill our Hopes, and pay our Cares,
Glory of our hoary Hairs!
Show'r thine Influence from on High,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

VII.

Give, oh give our Days to bleſs,
Virtue, Source of Happineſs!

Prudence, ſtifling Infant-Strife;
Friendſhip, Remedy of Life;
Truſt, in mutual Faith ſecure;
Tranſport generous and pure,
Sparkling from the Soul within,
Never boaſted, always ſeen:
Kind while each their Care employs
Griefs to part, and double Joys,
Joys to Libertines unknown,
Fruits of Wedlock Truth alone;
Joys that Angels may approve,
All the Dignity of Love!
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

VIII.

When late the Summons from above
Parts the Life, but not the Love,

Reſign'd and calm may She or I
Teach Survivors how to die:
Be free from Sin's polluting Stain
Void of Fear, and void of Pain!
For tedious Years may neither moan,
Sad, deſerted, and alone;
May neither, long condemn'd to ſtay,
Wait their Second Bridal Day.
Grant us, oh grant, Almighty Pow'r!
Soon to meet, and part no more,
In Heav'n where Love and Joys are known
Only purer than our own:
Heav'n our laſt Wiſh and fartheſt Aim!
Myſtick Marriage of the Lamb!
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

HORACE, ODE XII. BOOK II.

To MÆCENAS.

I.

NO more the feeble Lyre perſuade
So bold a Theme to dare,
The Sea with *Punick* Slaughter red,
The fierce *Numantian* War;

II.

Or drunken Centaurs, ſavage Brood!
Or *Titans*, Rebel Crew!
Whom Gods combin'd, with Terror view'd,
Whom great *Alcides* ſlew.

III.

You in Hiſtoric Proſe may tell
The Palms of *Cæſar*'s Reign;
What Royal Slaves indignant ſwell
To burſt the Conqu'ror's Chain.

IV. *Lici-*

IV.

Licinia's ſofter Victory,
That pleaſing Theme be mine,
Her Voice, her Wit, her ſparkling Eye,
And Heart that beats to thine.

V.

When on *Diana*'s ſacred Day,
The beauteous Choirs advance;
Graceful each Virgin moves, but ſhe
Moſt graceful in the Dance.

VI.

Mæcenas, ſay does *Phrygia* bear,
Or can *Arabia* ſend
Treaſure, for which you would a Hair
Of your *Licinia* lend?

VII.

Reclining, while ſhe now complies,
And yields the fragrant Kiſs;

With ſoft Reluctance now denies
The eaſy-raviſh'd Bliſs.

PARAPHASE *on the* viiith PSALM.

O God! how glorious is thy Name!
Thy Praiſe Heav'n's higheſt Orbs [proclaim,
And diſtant Earth reſounds the ſame.

Thro' all thy Works ſuch Pow'r appears;
Such Wonders ſtrike our Eyes and Ears;
So bright, ſo quick on ev'ry Senſe
Dart all thy Rays of Excellence;
They looſe the ſtamm'ring Infant's Tongue,
And ſucking Babes excite to Song.
The ruſtic Idiot looks on high,
And ſtreight he's taught Philoſophy:
No Books he wants, no Terms of Art;
Full flows the Language of his Heart;

Whil

While Truth, convey'd in ſimpleſt Sounds,
The Rage of impious Wit confounds.
Yes, Lord! When thro' the ſtarry Height,
Thy Work, I ſend my raviſh'd Sight;
When I the ſilver Moon behold,
And ſparkling Worlds of burniſh'd Gold,
(Bleſt Manſions, where for ever ſhine
Angelic Natures, Forms divine:)
O! What is Man? What's all his Race,
Once in thy Thoughts to find a Place?
How could thy Greatneſs condeſcend
To make this ſilly Worm thy Friend?
Him haſt thou ſo far deign'd to crown
With God-like Honours, high Renown,
Thou mak'ſt him, tho' more frail, to Vie
With Cherubs ſelves in Dignity.
For him thy Love did firſt create
This ſpacious World to ſerve his State;

Here rais'd this Earth to be his Throne,
And bad his Pow'r each Creature own.
The fleecy Kind the Mountains feed;
The lowing Herds that graze the Mead;
The Beaſts, the Birds, the finny Prey,
Thro' Streams, or Seas that cut their way;
What Earth and Air, and what the Main,
In all their ample Stores contain;
All, all on Man thou haſt beſtow'd,
And thus thy Love, thy Bounty ſhow'd.
O God! How glorious is thy Name!
Thy Praiſe Heav'n's higheſt Orbs proclaim,
And diſtant Earth reſounds the ſame.

On

On the Paſſion of our Saviour.

I.

FROM whence theſe dire Portents around,
That Earth and Heav'n amaze?
Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground?
Why hides the Sun his Rays?

II.

Not thus did *Sinai*'s trembling Head
With ſacred Horrour nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion ſpread
Of Legiſlative God!

III.

Thou Earth, thy loweſt Centre ſhake,
With *Jeſu* ſympathize!
Thou Sun, as Hell's deep Gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

IV.

What Tongue the Tortures can declare
Of this vindictive Hour?

Wrath He alone had Will to ſhare,
As He alone had Pow'r!

V.

See ſtreaming from th'accurſed Tree
His all-attoning Blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis He!
My Saviour and my God!

VI.

For me theſe Pangs his Soul aſſail,
For me the Death is born!
My Sin gave Sharpneſs to the Nail,
And pointed ev'ry Thorn!

VII.

Let Sin no more my Soul enſlave;
Break, Lord, the Tyrant's Chain!
Oh, ſave me whom Thou cam'ſt to ſave,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

Part of the xlvith PSALM *Paraphras'd.*

I.

ON God ſupreme our Hope depends,
Whoſe omnipreſent Sight
Ev'n to the pathleſs Realms extends
Of uncreated Night.

II.

Plung'd in th' Abyſs of deep Diſtreſs,
To Him we raiſe our Cry:
His Mercy bids our Sorrows ceaſe,
And fills our Tongue with Joy!

III.

Tho' Earth her antient Seat forſake,
By Pangs convulſive torn;
Tho' her ſelf-balanc'd Fabrick ſhake,
And ruin'd Nature mourn:

IV. Tho'

IV.

Tho' Hills be in the Ocean loſt,
With all their ſhaggy Load:
No Fear ſhall e'er moleſt the Juſt,
Or ſhake his Truſt in God.

V.

What tho' th' ungovern'd wild Abyſs
His Force tumultuous pour?
What tho' the wat'ry Legions riſe,
And laſh th' affrighted Shore?

VI.

What tho' the trembling Mountains nod,
Nor ſtand the rolling War?
Sion, ſecure, enjoys the Flood,
Loud-ecchoing from afar.

VII.

The Lord moſt high on *Sion* Hill
Has fix'd his ſure Abode;

Nor dare th' impetuous Waves aſſail
The City of our God!

VIII.

Nations remote, and Realms unknown
In vain reject his Sway;
For lo! *Jehovah*'s Voice is ſhown,
And Earth ſhall melt away!

IX.

Let War's devouring Tempeſts riſe,
And rage on ev'ry Side;
The Lord of Hoſts our Refuge is,
And *Jacob*'s God our Guide.

COROLLA.

I.

Lilia, adeſte,
Gloria vallis
Candida, caſtaque;
Sertaque nectite
Caſtæ Phyllidi,
Phyllidi candidæ.

II.

Virgineæ Roſæ,
Quæ decus horti
Suave rubeſcitis,
Ambroſioſque
Fuſiùs exha-
latis odores;

The W R E A T H.

I.

SWeet, lovely, chaſte,
Ye Lillies haſte,
That in the Vallies breathe:
To *Phyllis* haſte,
Sweet, lovely, chaſte,
For *Phyllis* twine the Wreath.

II.

Ye Roſes come,
With Virgin Bloom,
The Pride of Gardens own'd;
That, from your Bed,
Diffuſive ſhed
Ambroſial Odours round.

III.

Vos Violæ, quæ,
Luxuriantis
Purpura veris,
Naſcimini, ſub-
naſciminique,
Pulchræ humileſque,

IV.

Vos quoque, Floſculi,
Copia ruris,
Quâ variatur
Omnis agellus,
Quâ decoratur
Omne viretum;

V.

Vos redolentes
Herbulæ, adeſte,
Quas operoſæ

III.

Ye Violets too,
In Fields that grow,
And drink the vernal Dew;
That daſh the Woods,
The Meads, the Floods
With Drops of purple Hue.

IV.

And all ye Flow'rs,
Whoſe wilder Stores
O'er Nature's Face are ſeen;
Whoſe various Dies
Promiſcuous riſe,
And paint th' enamel'd Green.

V.

Come Herbs, all ye
That tempt the Bee
From Leaf to Leaf to roam;

Delibant apes,
Florea per loca
Huc illuc vagæ.

VI.

Herbulæ, adeſte,
Vos quoque, floſculi,
Et ſimul omnes
Intertexite
Mille colores
Milleque odores.

VII.

Sic redimite
Phyllida noſtram,
Ut nunquæ Flora
Veſtra decentior,
Aut Dea ſit ju-
cundior aſpici,

VIII.

Whoſe balmy Veins
Reward her Pains,
And ſend her loaded home.

VI.

All, all be join'd,
Of every kind,
Flow'rs, Herbs; the ſweet, the gay:
Twiſt Arm in Arm,
Weave Charm with Charm,
To *Phyllis* haſte away.

VII.

Come, and inveſt
Her ſnowy Breaſt;
Come, bind her flowing Hair:
Like *Flora*'s Dreſs
Be *Phyllis*'s;
Like *Flora* ſhe is fair.

VIII.

At neque longam
Sic redimitæ
Phyllidi gratiam
Mille poteſtis
Addere flores,
Addere floſculi.

IX.

Quotquot odores,
Quotquot honores
Ver breve vobis
Impetrat, idem
Sol aperitque,
Claudit & idem:

X.

Quoſve recludit
Forſan & alter, &
Alter ab altero,

VIII.

But little 'dures
Whate'er, ye Flow'rs,
Whate'er, ye Herbs, can give;
Nor ſhall your Aid
Long grace the Maid;
Nor have you long to live.

IX.

A little while
Your Glories ſmile,
A little little reign:
The Sun that warms
Your opening Charms,
Oft ſees them cloſe again.

X.

Or if they ſtay
Another Day,
And yet another Sun;

Then

Proximus, et qui
Nascitur illo,
Urit, adurit.

XI.

Interit annus,
Et subit alter,
Quem novus urget,
Et novus alter,
Intereuntem
Interiturus:

XII.

Sed florescere
Cernit eâdem
Phyllida formâ
Quique recedit,
Quique supervenit,
Alter, et alter.

Then comes a Blaze
Of fiercer Rays;
They wither, and are gone.

XI.

A Year conſumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes Place:
Another new
Shall then enſue,
Another New, to paſs.

XII.

But, all the while,
Her Beauties ſmile,
And tempt the Lover's Care:
A Year conſumes,
Another comes;
And *Phyllis* ſtill is fair.

XIII. To

XIII.

Non datur ætas
Omnibus una,
Nec decet omnes
Una ſuperbia;
Cedite Phyllidi,
Cedite, floſculi.

XIV.

Cedite, ſed ce-
dendo, dierum
Quo fuga ritu
Pergit, eodem
Dicite & annos
Ire, perire.

XIII.

To all one Date
Aſſigns not Fate,
As plain, too plain appears;
Your Glories live
Days, four or five,
But hers as many Years.

XIV.

Yet, gentleſt Race,
Your fleeting Grace
To blooming *Phyllis* lend:
And, as you fade,
Remind the Maid
That Years like Days muſt end.

A TAYLOR, on a Tavern Bill.

LET me ſee!—Bread and Beer—Tripe and [Dreſſing—Hey Day!
And Wine, and Welſh Rabbet—Here's the [Devil to pay!
And then, o' my Conſcience, beſides his long Bill,
Out of ev'ry poor Pint he has cabbag'd a Gill.
For all his fine Bows, and his Speeches, and [Wheedle,
I ſwear that a Vintner's as ſharp as a Needle.

The Vintner, in hearing, reply'd, 'tis your [Pleaſure
'Gainſt another Man's Bill to run out beyond [Meaſure.
If we come to tax Reckonings, we all eaſily find
Many *Items* and *Items* not at all to our Mind:
There's your Silk, Twiſt, and Buckram; Mate- [rials and Making,
And a Remnant—But pardon the Freedom I'm [taking.
Come, live and let live, without any repining:
I pay for my Doublet; pay You for your Lining.

LA-

The *PAINTER's MOURNING.*

Apelles heard, with Grief to Parents known,
That early Death had ſnatch'd his Infant Son:
Deep-ſtruck, the Painter bids his Friends convey
To his ſad Sight the dear remaining Clay;
His Pencil takes, This Plaint my Griefs require;
Accept, my Son, This Mourning from thy Sire.
The Father's Hand, to either Office true,
Firſt clos'd the Eyes and when it clos'd them drew.
Each Feature ſee what equal Lines expreſs!
He ſighs, and ſighing ſhades the mournful Piece.

Father, proceed; ſtill let thy Sorrows flow,
Not yet thy final Hand has drawn thy Woe.

He ſees where Beauty ſtill her Station keeps,
Glows on the Cheeks, and ſmiles upon the Lips;

Et teneras raptim veneres, blandoſque lepores,
Et tacitos riſus tranſtulit in Tabulam.

Pingendo deſiſte Tuum ſignare dolorem;
Filioli longùm vivet imago Tui.
Vivet, & æternâ vives Tu laude; nec Arte
Vincendus Pictor, nec Pietate Pater.

THRAX.

THreïcium infantem, cùm lucem intrævit & auras
Fletibus excepit mæſtus uterque parens
Threicium infantem, cum luce exivit & auris,
Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.
Interea, tu Roma, & tu tibi, Græcia, plaudens
Dicitis, hæc vera eſt Thracia barbaries!
Lætitiæ cauſam, cauſamque exquirite luctûs,
Eſt quod vos doceat Thracia barbaries.

And eager on the Tablet copies thence
The roſy Bluſh, the blooming Innocence.

'Tis done; in Strokes which Grief alone could give
Thy Son's fair Image ſhall for Ages live:
With Thee ſhall live; nor Time ſhall equall'd ſee
The Painter's Art, or Father's Piety.

The *THRACIAN.*

THE *Thracian* Infant, ent'ring into Life,
Both Parents mourn for, both receive with [Grief.
The *Thracian* Infant, ſnatch'd by Death away,
Both Parents to the Grave with Joy convey.
This, *Greece* and *Rome*, you with Deriſion view,
This is meer *Thracian* Ignorance to you:
But if you weigh the Cuſtom you deſpiſe,
This *Thracian* Ignorance may teach the Wiſe.

On the DEATH of *Sir* HERBERT POWELL *Baronet.*

His ſaltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere. ———

THE genuine Grief, the Sorrow void of Art,
The tender Guſhings of the mournful [Heart;
The pious Tears that big with Anguiſh roll,
The Pangs that heave, the Sighs that rend the Soul:
Theſe fill my Lays, by theſe impell'd to write
I ſing; and all the Song my Woes indite.

Gone is the Youth who taught my Plaints to [ceaſe,
Compos'd my Cares, and baniſh'd my Diſtreſs;
Who bad my Joys on fair Foundations riſe,
And gave indulging Proſpects to my Eyes:
He's gone! and now afflicted, ſunk, forlorn,
I weep for ever, and for ever mourn.

Ev'n

Ev'n he, the Will Divine ordains it ſo,
My Triumph late, is now himſelf my Woe!
Veil'd the ſweet Look, and ſtill the gentle Breath,
And all the Friend and Patron loſt in Death.
O who ſhall more my feeble Worth approve?
Who bleſs me more with ſo aſſur'd a Love?
None, none; with Life's firſt opening his began,
Grew with the Child, and ripen'd with the Man;
Perpetual burn'd amidſt his vital Fire,
Nor, but with his Expiring, could expire.
O the dire Scene, and O the doleful Day,
When ſtruggling in the Arms of Death he lay!
When theſe ſad Eyes beheld his lateſt Strife,
And the ſtern Tyrant ſeizing on his Life:
When, reach'd out his pale Hand, and—Muſt we [part?
But blot, Oblivion, blot it from my Heart,
Fly it, my Soul; the dreadful Image fear,
'Tis too intenſe the Woe, 'tis what thou canſt not bear.

What could be done? where where ſhould I [apply?
My Hopes, to what laſt Refuge ſhould they fly?
Paſt was he all Relief from human Care,
Deny'd to Phyſick, and deny'd to Pray'r.
Alone had I to own th' Almighty's Rod,
And for his Heav'n to ſupplicate his God;
To Him the dear departing Soul commend,
To Him, the Source of all Things and their End!

And inſtant am I plung'd in dread Amaze,
O'er ev'ry Senſe a gloomy Horror ſtrays;
The Face of Nature ſickens to my Sight,
Nor ſhines the cheerful Sun with wonted Light;
Pall'd and diſguſting are whate'er I ſee:
No longer has One World my Friend and Me.

Yet, for a Moment, ere he reach his Skies,
Bear him, Ye Angels, bear him to my Eyes;
See, ſee me all impatient, undiſmay'd,
Prepare to meet his diſembody'd Shade!

Let

Let me, O let me hail him, ere he ſoar
His laſt, laſt Height! but dare, my Soul, no more:
Remov'd from Mortals, he has gain'd his Reſt,
And reigns a Saint for ever with the Bleſt.

For that Divine Abode in early Day
The pious Child began his glorious Way;
Still in that happy, that well-choſen Road
The Youth, remembring his Creator, trod.
In early Day he Truth eternal ſought,
And learn'd to rev'rence what the Scripture taught:
Always in that diſcern'd a Heav'nly Strain,
To *Greece* and *Rome*'s proud Works aſcrib'd in vain;
In theſe would praiſe each bright ſublimer Stroke,
But bow'd and wonder'd when th'Almighty ſpoke.

For this, ere Pride could make his Reaſon blind,
His watchful Sire had ſhap'd his Infant Mind;
Betimes he form'd him, with religious Care,
And built his Wiſdom on his Maker's Fear.

Oft heard these Ears, while with becoming Grace
Attention spread around and hush'd the Place,
Heard the good Man instruct his Son to move,
And point his Footsteps with paternal Love.
To Heav'n conducted he his first Regard,
And by Religion every Counsel squar'd;
With pious Skill the Paths of Virtue shew'd,
Paths which himself incessantly pursu'd!
Sweet were the Charms of his inspiring Tongue,
While on each Word the Youth with Transport hung!
Yet, yet methinks the melting Voice I hear,
Yet, yet I sigh, and drop the silent Tear!

But ah! no more, their destin'd Periods run,
Instructs the Sire, or learns th' attentive Son!
No; God himself reveal'd their Pow'rs employs;
And what they each aspir'd to, each enjoys.

O with what Virtues unreveal'd to Day,
What latent Merit pass'd the Youth away!

What

What Proſpects on his growing Years rely'd!
And when he fell what Expectations dy'd!
Then ſaw I Multitudes with Grief o'ercome,
Half loſt to Life, half Partners in his Doom;
Tumultuous Crouds aſtoniſh'd with the Blow,
And rugged Peaſants civiliz'd with Woe.
But what avail the Offices I pay,
The fond Remembrance, and the duteous Lay?
Nor That one Moment can my Friend retrieve,
Nor gives him This in well-ſung Strains to live.
Fain wou'd I from Oblivion ſnatch his Name,
And what he loſt in Life ſupply in Fame,
His equal Praiſe in lofty Numbers try,
Nor let him quite be loſt, and wholly die:
This to attempt my Love and Zeal perſuade;
But ah! how vainly were that Effort made!
Too ſure has every human Thing its Date!
And we alas! and ours are due to Fate.

Soon

Soon, like the mourn'd, the Mourner muſt away;
And endleſs Silence cloſe the mortal Lay.

O ever-loving, ever-lov'd, adieu!
No more thy pleaſing Aſpect holds my View;
No longer glads thy Voice this wiſhful Ear:
No more I ſee thee, and no more I hear.
Without thee muſt I paſs this earthly Stage,
A joyleſs, melancholy Pilgrimage!
Yet will I bear thee ever in my Breaſt,
And meditate the Days which thou haſt bleſt:
Yet will I hope that when my Sun ſhall ſet,
And I to Nature pay my final Debt;
I ſtill may thy Society obtain,
And what I loſt by Death, by Death regain.

EPIGRAM from the Greek.

ON *Stygian* Banks, *Diogenes* the Wiſe
Burſts into Laughter when he *Cræſus* ſpies;
And thus beſpeaks, in threadbare Cloak and old,
The Monarch famous for his gather'd Gold:
I, nothing leaving, all to *Charon* bear;
Thou, *Cræſus*, rich on Earth haſt nothing here.

On the foregoing EPIGRAM.

THE *Lydian* Prince is blam'd for Wealth alone,
Tho' greater in his Virtues than his Throne,
The *Cynick* Churl is prais'd, of Fame ſecure,
Tho' void of ev'ry Grace, but being poor.
Nor wonder whence this partial Judgment ſprings,
Such Crowds are envious, and ſo few are Kings.

The HORN-BOOK.

Magni magna patrant, nos non niſi ludicra ——
—— *Podagra hæc otia fecit.*

HAil! antient Book, moſt venerable Code,
Learning's firſt Cradle, and its laſt Abode!
The huge unnumber'd Volumes which we ſee,
By lazy Plagiaries are ſtol'n from Thee:
Yet future Times to thy ſufficient Store
Shall ne'er preſume to add one Letter more.
Thee will I ſing, in comely Wainſcot bound,
And Golden Verge incloſing Thee around:
The faithful Horn before, from Age to Age,
Preſerving thy invaluable Page;
Behind thy Patron Saint in Armour ſhines,
With Sword and Lance to guard thy ſacred Lines:
Beneath his Courſer's Feet the Dragon lies
Transfix'd, his Blood thy ſcarlet Cover dyes.

Th' in-

Th' inſtructive Handle's at the Bottom fixt,
Leſt wrangling Critics ſhould pervert the Text.
Or ev'n to Gingerbread if thou deſcend,
And liqu'riſh Learning to thy Babes extend;
Or if a Plain, o'er-ſpread with beaten Gold,
The ſugar'd Treaſure of thy Letters hold;
Thou ſtill ſhalt be my Song — *Apollo*'s Choir
I ſcorn; let *Cadmus* all my Verſe inſpire:
'Twas *Cadmus* who the firſt Materials brought,
Of all the Learning which has ſince been taught.
Soon made compleat; for Mortals ne'er ſhall know
More than contain'd of old the Chriſt-Croſs-Row;
What Maſters dictate, or grave Doctors preach,
Wiſe Matrons hence ev'n to our Children teach.
But as the Name of ev'ry Plant and Flow'r
(So common that each Peaſant knows its Pow'r)
Phyſicians in myſterious Cant expreſs,
T'amuſe their Patients and enhance their Fees;

So from the Letters of our Native Tongue
Put in *Greek* Scrawls a Myſt'ry too is ſprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling Grammars made,
And artful Men ſtrike out a gainful Trade;
Strange Characters adorn the learned Gate,
And heedleſs Youth catch at the ſhining Bait;
The pregnant Boys the noiſy Charms declare,
And *Taus* and *Deltas* make their Mothers ſtare,
Th' uncommon Sounds amaze the vulgar Ear:
And what's uncommon never coſts too dear.
Yet in all Tongues the Hornbook is the ſame
Taught by the *Grecian* Maſter, or the *Engliſh* Dame.

But how ſhall I thy endleſs Virtues tell,
In which thou doſt all other Books excel?
No greazy Thumbs thy ſpotleſs Leaf can foil,
Nor crooked Dogs-ears thy ſmooth Corners ſpoil;
In idle Pages no *Errata* ſtand,
To tell the Blunders of the Printer's Hand;

No

No fulſome Dedication here is writ,
Nor flatt'ring Verſe to praiſe the Author's Wit.
The Margin with no tedious Notes is vext,
Nor various Readings to confound the Text:
All Parties in thy lit'ral Senſe agree,
Thou perfect Centre of bleſt Unity!
Search we the Records of an antient Date,
Or read what modern Hiſtories relate,
They all proclaim what Wonders have been done
By the plain Letters taken as they run.
Too high the Floods of Paſſion us'd to rowl,
And rend the *Roman* Youth's impatient Soul;
His haſty Anger furniſh'd Scenes of Blood,
And frequent Deaths of worthy Men enſu'd:
In vain were all the weaker Methods try'd,
None could ſuffice to ſtem the furious Tide.
Thy ſacred Lines he did but once repeat,
And laid the Storm and cool'd the raging Heat.

Thy

Thy Heav'nly Notes, like Angels' Muſick, cheer
Departing Souls, and ſooth the dying Ear.

An aged Peaſant, on his lateſt Bed,
Wiſh'd for a Friend ſome godly Book to read;
The pious Grandſon thy known Handle takes,
And (Eyes lift up) this ſav'ry Lecture makes.
Great *A* he gravely roar'd; th' important Sound
The empty Walls and hollow Roof refound:
Th' expiring Antient rais'd his drooping Head,
And thank'd his Stars that *Hodge* had learnt to read.
Great *B* the Youngker bawls: O Heav'nly breath!
What ghoſtly Comforts in the Hour of Death!
What Hopes I feel! Great *C* pronounc'd the Boy;
The Grandſire dies with Ecſtaſy of Joy.

Yet in ſome Lands ſuch Ignorance abounds,
Whole Pariſhes ſcarce know thy uſeful Sounds,
Or ken which End of Thee ſtands uppermoſt,
Be the Prieſt abſent, or the Handle loſt.

Of

Of *Eſſex* Hundreds Fame gives this Report;
But Fame, I ween, ſays many things in ſport.
Scarce lives the Man to whom thou'rt quite un-
[known,
Tho' few th' extent of thy vaſt Empire own.
Whatever Wonders magic Spell can do,
In Earth, in Air, in Sea, and Shades below;
What Words profound and dark wiſe *Mah'met*
[ſpoke,
When his old Cow an Angel's Figure took;
What ſtrong Enchantments ſage *Canidia* knew,
Or *Horace* ſung, fierce Monſters to ſubdue,
O mighty Book, are all contain'd in you!
All human Arts and every Science meet
Within the Limits of thy ſingle Sheet,
From thy vaſt Root all Learning's Branches grow,
And all her Streams from thy deep Fountain flow.
And lo! while thus thy Wonders I indite,
Inſpir'd, I feel the Pow'r of which I write.

The gentler Gout his former Rage forgets,
Leſs frequent now and leſs ſevere the Fits;
Looſe grow the Chains which bound my uſeleſs [Feet,
Stiffneſs and Pain from ev'ry Joint retreat;
Surprizing Strength comes ev'ry Moment on,
I ſtand, I ſtep, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me ceaſe, my hobling Numbers ſtop,
And at thy Handle hang my Crutches up.

The MONUMENT.

Poſt funera virtus.

A Monſter, in a Courſe of Vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd [Gold:
Streight breathes his Buſt, ſtreight are his Virtues [ſhown,
Their Date commencing with the ſculptur'd Stone.
If on his ſpecious Marble we rely,
Pity a Worth like His ſhou'd ever die!
If Credit to his real Life we give,
Pity a Wretch like Him ſhould ever live!

A PROLOGUE ſpoken before the BEAUX-STRATAGEM, *acted by ſome young Perſons of Quality.*

LET Play-houſe Actors crowded Seats deſire,
And ſtretch their venal Voices for their Hire:
We practiſe not for Gain, to grieve, or rage;
But enter, *gratis*, on a private Stage.
Expect not Here to ſee th' Ambitious riſe,
To weep the falling Great, or wretched Wiſe.
Pleas'd if our Sport a Father entertains,
Or Mother's Joys ſhall recompenſe our Pains:
Our End is Mirth, our Characters are low,
A finiſh'd Rake, and Fortune-hunting Beau.
A Pair unhappy, parted by Conſent,
And freed without an Act of Parliament.
T' obtain your Smiles with comic Scenes we try:
'Tis wholeſomer to laugh, than 'tis to cry.

What tho' they tell us Griefs, and Pains, and Cares
Oppreſs with Loads of Woe the hoary Hairs:
Thoſe come too ſoon, how long ſoe'er they ſtay.
Indulge the preſent Hour, and laugh to-day;
Our Years excuſe us, 'tis our Time to play.

Occaſion'd by the Death of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

ALas! to this we come— Why, why is Life
Thus led in Care, and Toil, and Pain, and [Strife?
A falſely ſtudied, a miſtaken Thing,
That in its Folly, with a Moment's Wing,
Breaks like the Bubble of the ſilver Spring!
So is the Hoard of Knowledge render'd vain,
So end the Labours of the buſy Brain.
For this we ſit up late, and early riſe,
For this we tire the Hand, and dim the Eyes:

Curious

Curious, for this from Clime to Clime we run,
Freeze at the Pole, and burn beneath the Sun.
Kneller amidſt his Studies yields his Breath,
And gives up all his Stores of Art to Death.
What tho' a common Race is cheaply run,
Sire after Sire, and Son purſuing Son?
What tho' we ſee a thouſand daily die?
As River Waves are ever gliding by.
The Bubbles of a Court, the Chaff of Schools,
Beggars, and Banqueters, and Knaves, and Fools,
And Rakes, and Miſers, and Buffoons and Beaux:
Nature her Millions to Succeſſion throws.
And when the Hand of Death arreſts the Great,
Leaving a Vacancy in Honour's Seat,
Princes with Eaſe the little Loſs ſupply,
And Princes mount the Throne when Princes die.
Yet here a more than vulgar Loſs ſhe bears,
And, Bankrupt of Supply, diſſolves in Tears,

Pale Study drops her long-collected Charms,
And ſinks to Slumber with her folded Arms.
Whoſe Pencil now ſhall mark the awful Grace
Of *King*'s, of *Cowper*'s, or of *Newton*'s Face?
Or in long-living Colours ſhall diſplay
To the next Age the Wonder of To-day:
The charming *Howard!* while her Beauties glow,
While now her Lillies and her Roſes blow?
Half with their heavy Labours cannot pleaſe;
And half Mankind are in the Arms of Eaſe.
But one *Vandike* appears in many an Age,
And but one *Kneller* ever grac'd the Stage:
So rare they come, ſo little is their Stay;
Alas! ſo long their Art, ſo ſhort their Day!

ADVICE *to One who was about to write, to avoid the Immoralities of the antient and modern* POETS.

I.

IF e'er to Writing you pretend,
Your utmoſt Aim and Study bend
The Paths of Virtue to befriend,
However mean your Ditty:
That while your Verſe the Reader draws
To Reaſon's and Religion's Laws,
None e'er hereafter may have Cauſe
To curſe your being witty.

II.

No Gods or weak or wicked feign,
Where fooliſh Blaſphemy is plain;
But Good to wire-draw from the Strain
The Critick's Art perplexes.

Make not a pious Chief forego
A Princeſs, he betray'd to Woe,
Nor Shepherd, unplatonick, ſhow
His Fondneſs for *Alexis*.

III.

With partial Blindneſs to a Side,
Extol not ſurly Stoic Pride,
When wild Ambition's rapid Tide
Burſts Nature's Bonds aſunder:
Nor let a Heroe loud blaſpheme,
Rave like a Madman in a Dream,
'Till *Jove* himſelf affrighted ſeem,
Not truſting to his Thunder.

IV.

Nor chuſe the wanton Ode, to praiſe
Unbridl'd Loves, or thoughtleſs Days,
In ſoft *Epicurean* Lays;
A num'rous melting Lyrick.

Nor Satyr, that would Luſt chaſtize
With angry Warmth and Maxims wiſe,
Yet, looſely painting naked Vice,
Becomes its Panegyrick.

V.

Nor jumbled Atoms entertain
In the void Spaces of your Brain;
Deny all Gods, while *Venus* vain
Stands without Veſture painted.
Nor ſhow the foul nocturnal Scene
Of Courts and Revellings unclean,
Where never Libertine had been
Worſe than the Poet tainted.

VI.

Nor let luxuriant Fancy rove
Through Nature, and through Art of Love,
Skill'd in ſmooth Elegy to move,
Youth unexperienc'd firing,

Nor

Nor Gods as Brutes expoſe to view,
Nor monſtrous Crimes; nor lend a Clew
To guide the guilty Lover through
The Mazes of Deſiring.

VII.

Nor Sparrow mourn, nor ſue to kiſs;
Nor draw your fine-ſpun Wit ſo nice,
That thin-ſpread Senſe like nothing is,
Or worſe than nothing ſhowing.
Nor Spight in Epigram declare,
Pleaſing the Mob with Lewdneſs bare,
Or Flatt'ry's peſtilential Air
In Ears of Princes blowing.

VIII.

Through modern *Italy* paſs down,
In Crimes inferior ſhe to none!
Through *France*, her Thoughts in Luſt alone
Without Reſerve proclaiming.

Stay

Stay there who count it worth the while,
Let us deduce our uſeful Style
To note the Poets of our Iſle,
And only ſpare the naming.

IX.

Sing not looſe Stories for the Nonce,
Where Mirth for Bawdry ill attones,
Nor long-tongu'd Wife of *Bath*, at once
On Earth and Heaven jeſting.
Nor, while the main at Virtue aims,
Inſert, to ſooth forbidden Flames,
In a chaſte Work, a Squire of Dames,
Or *Paridell* a feaſting.

X.

Nor Comick Licence let us ſee,
Where all things ſacred outrag'd be,
Where Plots of meer Adultery
Fill the laſcivious Pages.

One

One only Step can yet remain,
More frankly, ſhameleſly unclean;
To bring it from behind the Scene,
And act it on the Stages.

XI.

Nor make your tragick Heroe bold
Out-bully *Capaneus* of old,
While juſtling Gods his Rage behold,
And tremble at his frowning.
Nor need'ſt Thou vulgar Wit diſplay,
Acknowledg'd in Dramatick Way
Greateſt and beſt, O ſpare the Lay
Of poor *Ophelia* drowning.

XII.

Nor dreſs your Shame in courtly Phraſe,
Where artful Breaks the Fancy raiſe,
And Ribaldry unnam'd the Lays
Tranſparently is ſeen in.

Nor make it your peculiar Pride,
To ſtrive to ſhow what others hide;
To throw the Fig-leaf quite aſide,
And ſcorn a double Meaning.

XIII.

Nor ever proſtitute the Muſe,
Malicious, mercenary, looſe,
All Faiths, all Parties to abuſe;
Still changing, ſtill to Evil:
Taint not with impious Scenes the Age,
Nor make, outragious on the Stage,
A *Maximin* with Heav'n engage,
Blaſpheming like a Devil.

XIV.

Deteſt prophaning Holy Writ,
A Rock where Heathens could not ſplit:
Old *Jove* more harmleſs charm'd the Pit,
Of *Plautus*'s Creation.

Than

Than when th' Adulterer was ſhow'd
With Attributes of real God:
But Fools, the Means of Grace allow'd,
Pervert to their Damnation.

XV.

Mingle not Wit with Treaſon rude,
To pleaſe the Rebel Multitude:
From Poiſon intermix'd with Food
What Caution e'er can ſcreen us?
Ne'er ſtoop to court a wanton Smile;
Thy pious Strains and lofty Style,
Too light let nor an *Alma* foil,
Nor paltry Dove of *Venus*.

XVI.

Such Blots deform the tuneful Train,
Whilſt they falſe Glory would attain,
Or preſent Mirth, or preſent Gain,
Unmindful of Hereafter.

Do you miſtaken Ends deſpiſe,
Nor fear to fall, nor ſeek to riſe,
Nor taint the Good, nor grieve the Wiſe,
To tickle Fools with Laughter.

XVII.

What tho' with Eaſe you could aſpire
To *Virgil*'s Art, or *Homer*'s Fire?
If Vice and Lewdneſs breaths the Lyre,
If Virtue it aſperſes:
Better with honeſt *Quarles* compoſe
Emblem, that good Intention ſhows,
Better be *Bunyan* in his Proſe,
Or *Sternhold* in his Verſes.

An ODE *from* Anacreon, *in the* Greek *Meaſure*

Ἔρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισι, &c.

IN Roſes *Cupid* peeping,
Diſturb'd a Bee a-ſleeping;
Nor ſpy'd it, ere it ſtung him,
The Smart ſo ſorely wrung him:
His precious Tears he waſted,
And ſtreight to *Venus* haſted.
I'm kill'd, O Mother, crying,
I'm kill'd, I'm juſt a dying!
No Chance was ever ſadder;
A tiney winged Adder,
A Bee by Peaſants named,
My Finger has enflamed.
If for a Bee to ſting thee,
Quoth ſhe, ſuch Trouble bring thee;
Think, *Cupid*, how confounded
Are thoſe whom thou haſt wounded!

The SAVAGE; *occaſion'd by the bringing to Court a wild Youth, taken in the Woods in* Germany, *in the Year* 1725.

YE Courtiers, who the Bleſſings know
From ſweet Society that flow,
Adorn'd with each politer Grace
Above the reſt of human Race;
Receive this Youth unform'd, untaught,
From ſolitary Deſarts brought,
To brutiſh Converſe long confin'd,
Wild, and a Stranger to his Kind:
Receive him, and with tender Care,
For Reaſon's Uſe his Mind prepare;
Shew him in Words his Thoughts to dreſs,
To think, and what he thinks expreſs;
His Manners form, his Conduct plan,
And civilize him into Man.
But with falſe alluring Smile
If you teach him to beguile;

If with Language ſoft and fair
You inſtruct him to enſnare,
If to foul and brutal Vice,
Envy, Pride, or Avarice,
Tend the Precepts you impart;
If you taint his ſpotleſs Heart:
Speechleſs ſend him back agen
To the Woods of *Hamelen*;
Still in Deſarts let him ſtray,
As his Choice directs his Way;
Let him ſtill a Rover be,
Still be innocent and free.
He, whoſe luſtful lawleſs Mind
Is to Reaſon's Guidance blind,
Ever ſlaviſh to obey
Each imperious Paſſion's Sway,
Smooth and Courtly tho' he be,
He's the Savage, only He.

A verbal TRANSLATION, *by way of Eſſay, of Part of the firſt Book of* Virgil's Æneid.

ARMS, and the Man I ſing, who from *Troy*'s
[Coaſts
First, to *Italia* and *Lavinium*'s Shores,
By Fate a Wand'rer, came; much was he toſt
O'er Lands and Sea, through Rigour of the
[Gods,
For cruel *Juno*'s unforgetful Hate.
Much alſo he by War endur'd; ere yet
His City he could ſtabliſh, and transfer
His Gods to *Latium*; whence the *Latin* Race,
And *Alban* Sires, and Walls of lofty *Rome*.
Tell me the Cauſes, Muſe, what Deity
Incens'd, or whence the Queen of Gods aggriev'd,
Compell'd the Man, for Piety renown'd,
So many Turns to bear, ſo many Labours
T'engage. Have Heav'nly Minds ſuch mighty
[Wrath?
There was an antient City, *Carthage* nam'd
(By *Tyrian* People held) againſt *Italia*

And *Tiber*'s Mouths, far off; with Riches ſtor'd
And rough in Arts of War: which, Fame reports,
Juno alone more than all Lands eſteem'd,
Samos poſtpon'd; here was her Armour, here
Her Chariot: if the Fates might e'er permit,
Ev'n then the Goddeſs had deſign'd and aim'd
That this ſhould be the Empire o'er the Nations.
Since from *Troy*'s Blood a Branch, ſhe heard, would ſpring,
Which ſhould hereafter raze the *Tyrian* Tow'rs.
Hence a wide-ruling People, proud in War,
Should come for *Libya*'s Bane, ſo doom the Fates!
This fear'd *Saturnia*, and th' old War remember'd
Which firſt at *Troy* ſhe wag'd for *Argi* dear,
Nor yet the Grounds of Wrath, and cruel Griefs
Had left her Soul: deep fixt was in her Mind
Th' Award of *Paris*, and the Injury
Of ſlighted Beauty; and the hated Race,
And Honours of the raviſh'd *Ganymede*.

Fir'd

Fir'd with all this, ſhe chas'd from *Latium* far
The *Trojans* toſt o'er the whole Ocean, Reliques
Of *Greeks* and ſtern *Achilles*: many Years
They wander'd, driv'n by Fates, all Seas about.
So vaſt the Toil to found the *Roman* State!

To a young Gentleman, on his Recovery from a Fit of Sickneſs.

I, Who was late concern'd to hear
The danger of a Life ſo dear,
Would now a friendly Verſe employ
To claim an Int'reſt in your Joy;
Joy to your ſelf, a ſecond Time
Reſcued from falling in your Prime;
Joy to your Parents, happy now,
To whom ſo often Life you owe,
As guarded by a Father's Care,
Or granted to a Mother's Pray'r,

How did they mourn your early Bloom,
The Promiſe of a Man to come!
The pleaſing Hope they us'd to raiſe,
When planning of your future Days!
What Pangs the former tranſport coſt,
Which ſeem'd, alas! for ever loſt!
What tenderneſs of Grief! which you,
Till you're a Parent, cannot know:
For who can know except they feel,
The Pains that are unſpeakable?
Pains that are heightned to Exceſs,
By Thoughts of tranſient Happineſs.
So various Scenes amuſe the Eye
In Clouds that paint a Summer's Sky;
Short Pleaſure! ev'ry fleeting breeze
Deſtroys the wavering Images;
Well, if the Proſpect diſappears
Without diſſolving into Tears.

C

O tread in Virtue's happy Road,
True to your ſelf, and to your God:
To him perpetual Homage give,
And live to him, by whom you live.
No vicious Courſe your Youth engage,
To treaſure Sorrow for your Age:
That none, by Blood or Love ally'd,
Have cauſe to wiſh you now had dy'd:
That each one who your Worth ſurveys,
May bleſs the lengthning of your Days.
'Tis well if all your coming Years
May pay a Father for his Tears;
If Joy that from your Welfare flows,
May recompence a Mother's Woes.

HORACE, ODE XV. BOOK I.

I.

AS faithleſs *Paris* plough'd his liquid Way,
Pleas'd and tranſported with his beauteous [Prey;
Sudden the Winds forgot to blow,
And an ungrateful Calm made the dull Waves move [flow:
While *Nereus*, Prophet of unwelcome Truth,
Daſh'd the proud exulting Youth
With threaten'd Vengeance, and impending Woe.

II.

With adverſe Signs You bear Her home in vain,
Whom *Greece* united ſhall reſtore again,
Greece, ſworn to blaſt your Joys, and end old [*Priam*'s Reign!

III.

See Thou, the hateful Cauſe of all,
What Judgments *Troy*'s unhappy Sons befall!
Behold, the furious Hoſts engage,
And Death in all his Horrors rage!

See

See War's grim Goddeſs ruſh into the Field!
See nod her plumy Creſt, and gleam her dreadful [Shield!

IV.

In vain, too confident of *Venus* near,
Shall you in Ringlets bind your flowing Hair;
In vain ſhall you awake the ſilent String,
While Virgins grow enamour'd as you ſing;
Reſign'd to Softneſs, ſhun in vain
The Terrors of th' embattled Plain,
The winged Shaft, the rapid Spear,
And all the dire Confuſion of the War:
At length the Vengeance due ſhall come,
At length! but ah! too late, thy Doom!
Inglorious Duſt ſhall then that Hair o'erſpread,
And Shame eternal reſt on thy adult'rous Head.

V.

See'ſt not *Ulyſſes*, nor the *Pylian* Sage?
Bane of thy Country! eager to engage

Teucer

Teucer and *Sthenelus* excite thy Fear,
Expert alike, to ſtand the Shock of War,
Or with an even Rein to guide the flying Carr.
On Thee ſhall ſwarthy *Merion* prove his Might:
But, lo! *Tydides*, burning for the Fight,
From Rank to Rank with rapid Fury flies,
And ſeeks for *Paris* with revengeful Eyes.
Him Thou ſhalt fly, ſtruck with a cold Deſpair,
Not this you promis'd your deluded Fair!
So, when the Wolf from far appears,
The Stag reſumes his wonted Fears,
Panting he leaves his Food behind,
And vies in Swiftneſs with the Wind.
A-while *Pelides* ſhall delay
The ſad, avenging, fatal Day,
That ſees the *Dardans'* lateſt Hopes expire,
And *Ilium* whelm'd beneath a Flood of Fire.

ODE

ODE *upon* CHRIST's *Crucifixion.*

From the Greek.

ENough of *Pagan* idle Toys;
Change the Strings and raiſe the Voice,
To ſacred Notes the Lyre apply'd,
Hail the King! the Crucify'd!
Of Wonders thou eternal Store!
O what firſt ſhall I explore?
Fain would I ſcan, fain would I tell
Myſteries unſpeakable
By Man or Spirits bleſt on high
How the living God could die!
I'll tell of Love to Creatures' Sight
Fathomleſs and infinite.
His well-lov'd Son the Father choſe
Bleeding Ranſom for his Foes!

I'll

I'll ſing in lofty Strains aloud
Triumphs of the bury'd God.
Hell and the Grave are Captives led,
Death is conquer'd by the Dead!
But hark, from *Calvary* rebounds
Mixture of affrighting Sounds
Loud echoing dreadful from afar,
Of the Slain and of the Slayer,
That wounds mine Ear: haſte quickly, fly
To the Mountain's Top mine Eye:
Him 'midſt the Three expiring view;
How unlike the other two!
His gentle Head he meekly bends,
Wide his ſacred Arms extends;
The cruel Nails, his Weight that bear,
Tear him, faſt'ning while they tear.
This ſuffer'd, wretched Man, for Thee,
Without ſuff'ring canſt Thou ſee?

Thick

Thick riſe thy Groans, thy Veſture tear,
Beat the Breaſt and rend the Hair;
The tend'reſt yearning Pangs be thine:
All in Purple ſee him ſhine,
Not purchas'd from the *Tyrian* Shore,
Dy'd, alas! with dropping Gore:
Part by his bleeding Temples ſhed
From the Thorns which pierc'd his Head,
Part from the long-drawn Furrows flow'd
Which the twiſted Scourge has plough'd.
High let thy Streams of Sorrow riſe,
Ope the Fountains of thine Eyes,
Pour, pour on Earth a guſhing Flood;
Since, ſo lib'ral of his Blood,
His vital Drops for Thee He ſpares,
Canſt thou, Mortal, grudge thy Tears?

Idem agit Idem.

FElicula ad ſpeculum ſaltu laſcivit herile,
Laſcivam ſaltu feliculamque videt.
Nigra videt nigram; bicolor naſo, bicolorem;
Glaucaque torquentem lumina, glauca tuens.
Et ſociam ad luſus lentæ incurvamine caudæ
Provocat, & lepidi mobilitate pedis.
Utraque utramque laceſſit, & utraque palpat utram-[que;
Et molle oppoſitos explicat unguiculos.
Jam tumet in tergum, & ſimulatas expuit iras;
Et tumet, & ſimiles expuit umbra minas.
Quænam hæc ſit, Mima unde ſui tam mimica, quærit
Felis; an in ſpeculo, poſt ſpeculumne, ſiet.
Te quoque, præſentem præſens, quam quæris, & Illa
Quærit; an in ſpeculo, poſt ſpeculumne, ſies.
Alterutra alterutram quæritque & decipit, idque
Feliculæ facitis, quod facis una, duæ.

Si-

Simile agit in Simile.

CRiſtatus, pictiſque ad Thaida Pſittacus alis,
Miſſus ab Eoo munus amante venit.
Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,
Archididaſcaliæ dat ſibi Thais opus.
Pſittace, ait Thais, fingitque ſonantia molle
Baſia, quæ docilis molle refingit Avis.
Jam captat, jam dimidiat Tyrunculus; & jam
Integrat auditos articulatque ſonos.
Pſittace mi pulcher pulchelle, Hera dicit alumno;
Pſittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus Heræ.
Jamque canit, ridet, decieſque ægrotat in horâ,
Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque ſuo.
Multaque ſcurratur mendax, & multa jocatur,
Et lepido populum detinet augurio.
Nunc tremulum illudit Fratrem; qui ſuſpicit, & Pol!
Carnalis, quiſquis te docet, inquit, Homo eſt.
Argutæ nunc ſtridet anûs argutulus inſtar;
Reſpicit, & nobulo es, quiſquis es, inquit Anus.

Quando fuit melior Tyro, meliorve Magiſtra!
Quando duo ingeniis tam coiere pares!
Ardua diſcenti nulla eſt, res nulla docenti
Ardua; cum doceat Fœmina, diſcat Avis.

Agens & Patiens ſunt ſimul.

Duxit Acon Leonillam; haud una atque altera
Decrevit, male cum ſe nova nupta tulit: [luna
Os pallet, languent oculi, ſtomachoque fit iſta
Nauſea, quæ gravidas denotat eſſe Nurus.
Eſto fides dictis; eadem quoque Nauſea Aconti eſt,
Pallidus eſt pariter vultus, ocellus hebes.
Nutrix, ſedula Anus, fomenta utrique miniſtrat,
Cardiacum uxori, Cardiacumque viro.
Quis novus hic, Nutrix, morbus? ſocii unde dolores?
Quave ſumus gravidi conditione viri?
Nutrix, callida Anus, fuit, inquit, utrique Voluptas,
Æqua ſatis Lex eſt, ut ſit utrique Dolor.

FINIS.